What's Right with America

Sisley Huddleston

129, AVE DES CHAMPS-ÉLYSÉES (8E)

Gift from

Miss Florence B. Colby

1966

To
Miss Florence B. Colby,
on behalf of Roland R. Harrison
& himself, the Author
sends sincerest good
wishes, and hopes that
this little commentary on
America will be found
entertaining & suggestive.
Sidney Hutchinson

July 1930

WHAT'S *RIGHT* WITH AMERICA

By the Same Author

EUROPE IN ZIGZAGS
PARIS SALONS, CAFÉS, STUDIOS
LOUIS XIV IN LOVE AND IN WAR
NORMANDY (KITBAG SERIES)
A HISTORY OF FRANCE
IN AND ABOUT PARIS
FRANCE AND THE FRENCH
THOSE EUROPEANS: STUDIES OF FOREIGN FACES
POINCARÉ: A BIOGRAPHICAL PORTRAIT
MR. PANAME: A PARIS FANTASIA
FRANCE (IN MODERN WORLD SERIES)
PARIS: A LITTLE GUIDE
PEACE-MAKING AT PARIS
ARTICLES DE PARIS: A BOOK OF ESSAYS
ETC. . . .

Photo by Underwood & Underwood

THE CAPITOL, WASHINGTON

WHAT'S RIGHT WITH AMERICA

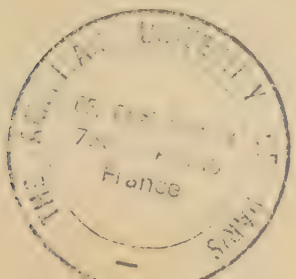
BY

SISLEY HUDDLESTON

A RECORD OF A TOUR IN THE UNITED STATES WITH POLITICAL, SOCIAL, ECONOMIC AND LITERARY COMMENTS

20 Illustrations

PHILADELPHIA & LONDON
J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY
MCMXXX



COPYRIGHT, 1930, BY
J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY

MADE IN THE
UNITED STATES
OF AMERICA

FIRST EDITION

917.3
H36bd
c. 1

TO ROLAND R. HARRISON
Who was the First to Greet me when I
Landed on American Shores
Who was my Guide in New York
My Counsellor in Boston
And my Friend in Washington, Chicago, and
Other Cities of the United States—
Indeed, everywhere and always—
Do I, with Grateful Memories
Dedicate this Book

CONTENTS

Bonjour, America!		13
I	My Title Explained	38
II	The Fairy Towers of Gotham	45
III	The Patience of New York	52
IV	Times Square After Twenty-Five Years	59
V	Companionship and Co-operation	66
VI	Why Opinions Are News	73
VII	Spending and Prosperity	79
VIII	In Praise of Trains	86
IX	Progress of Aviation	94
X	Boston—River, Parks, and Squirrels	101
XI	In the Universities	108
XII	Business as a Profession	115
XIII	"Show Your Colours!"	122
XIV	America's Cultural Renaissance	130
XV	The New Interest in Books	137
XVI	A Culinary Interlude	144
XVII	Washington—the Queen City	151

XVIII	The Americanism of Mr. Hoover	158
XIX	Picking 'Em From the Floor	165
XX	Chicago—the World's Newest City	172
XXI	Growth—the Law of the Middle West	179
XXII	Provincial Crime and International News	186
XXIII	Radio, Motor-Car, and Cinema	193
XXIV	Philadelphia—an Eighteenth Century Vision	200
XXV	Invincible Optimism	207
XXVI	The Equality of Men and Women	214
XXVII	Pittsburgh—Reflections on Sectionalism	220
XXVIII	Aloofness from War—Not Aloofness from Peace	227
XXIX	Detroit—An Industrial Democracy	234
Au Revoir, America!		241
	APPENDIX	249

ILLUSTRATIONS

The Capitol, Washington	*Frontispiece*
The Skyline of Manhattan	46
The Traffic on Fifth Avenue, New York	52
Broadway at Night	52
New York. The Grand Central Section	76
Charles River, between Boston and Cambridge	102
The State House, Boston	106
Lincoln Memorial, Washington	154
The White House, Washington	154
The Lake Front, Chicago	174
"Flying D" Ranch—Half a Million Acres	182
Pike's Peak	182
Chicago. Some of the New Buildings	184
Los Angeles Beach-front	188
T. A. T. Plane Flying over Downtown Los Angeles	188
Independence Hall, Philadelphia	200
The Morris House, 225 South 8th St., Philadelphia	202
Philadelphia, The Parkway, War Memorial, and Museum	206
Pittsburgh at Night	220
General Motors Building, Detroit	238

WHAT'S *RIGHT* WITH AMERICA

BONJOUR, AMERICA!

Bonjour, America!

For many years I, a European, though a European detached from Europe, inasmuch as I was an absentee from my own country, and was living the cosmopolitan life of the expatriate, had enjoyed the closest and happiest professional relations with the United States; but during those professional years I had no opportunity of visiting the United States. I met hundreds of Americans; most of my friends were Americans; I was in constant correspondence with Americans; I was, though in Europe, almost Americanised. And yet my oft-planned voyage to the United States was repeatedly postponed.

At last, some months ago, I went, I saw, and I was conquered. The greatest tribute to America is that it is perpetually being discovered. It is being discovered not merely by different persons but by the same persons. It is being discovered not only by Europeans but by Americans. My friends, European or American, find a new America every time they pass the Statue of Liberty. Even those Americans who remain in America are now fiercely engaged in discovering themselves and their country. There is a reawakened American con-

sciousness. It would be wrong to suggest that America grew up as naturally as a young animal; there went to its making much careful thought. Yet America outgrew its thought about itself. It is just beginning to realise that it has, almost without noticing, rejected many of the false theories and age-old prejudices which still imprison Europe in iron bands. Especially is this emancipation to be observed in the economic domain; but it is also to be observed in the political domain; and it is generally to be observed in the freer mental processes of the American.

These freer mental processes distinguish the American from the European. The European is inclined to regard everything through the spectacles of the past—strangely distorting spectacles; and his vision of the world is warped. The American looks at everything with new and, as we should say, naïve eyes; and like a child, though a child with a man's intelligence, he challenges and questions all our prepossessions. Why have we such and such inhibitions? Why have we established "laws" which are not even working rules—in economics, in politics, in literature, in architecture, in thought, and in all branches of human activity? The American wants to know the reason why—and sometimes he does not even want to know the reason why; he simply brushes aside our cherished laws and in doing so disproves them utterly.

Gilbert Chesterton, in a delightful essay on that story about the *enfant terrible,* "Helen's Babies," which was one of the joys of my own youth, wittily remarks that the American spirit, like little Toddy, wants to see the wheels go round. That is, he says, the meaning of industrialism, individualism, progress, hustle, and hundred-per-cent efficiency; it is the meaning of Pittsburgh and Chicago, of the skyscrapers and the quick lunches. "They want to see wheels go round, more and more wheels go round, larger and larger wheels go round, wheels that go round faster and faster." So far as this suggests an incurable curiosity, Chesterton is right. But he is altogether wrong in asserting that the American is really conservative, and that in watching the wheels go round, however many wheels there be, and however swiftly they circulate, he delights in seeing them come always back to the same place. The point about an improved mechanical civilisation is not that it goes round and round in the same place, but that it advances; and as it advances it carries with it constantly changing men. It is easy to scoff at machinery—that is a peculiarly European habit; and practice in the mockery of machinery has made many Europeans perfect. It is facile to make antitheses between fast machines and slow minds, between materialism and idealism, between physical progress and mental stagnation; but these antitheses are essentially and obviously false. Nothing could be

more glaringly false, for example, than Chesterton's affirmation that when wheels are really going round rapidly they are generally in a rut, and industrial America is especially in a rut. I employ the exact words of the brilliant author as a horrible warning of how brilliance may lead its possessor astray. Wheels do not go round in ruts, and it is because European industrialism is in a rut that it does not go round. The statement that American industrialism is in a rut is staggering—it is because it has got out of the rut that it has made so many revolutions. And when I say revolutions, I mean revolutions in every sense of the word.

The central fact about America is that it is in revolution. Chiefly attention is directed to the industrial revolution, and rightly so, for it is the most surprising of the American revolutions. But there cannot be a material revolution without a mental revolution, which precedes, accompanies, and receives an impetus from the material revolution. If the outward conditions of life have changed, it is because the inward conditions of life have changed, and the change of outward conditions must in its turn determine an inward change. This is the case of America. Life has been transformed in the United States; but it is still in process of transformation. Possibly it is true that culture—what we call culture—has not advanced at the same rate as invention and audacious execution. But apart from the fact that

our culture in Europe should be no more an ultimate and stereotyped desideratum than our industrial system, the United States must be allowed time to develop its culture in consonance with its material achievements. Let us assume that, concentrating its attention on the realisation of certain possibilities, the United States has not yet realised other possibilities—is there in this assumption just ground for criticism? May it not also be assumed that a people which has performed so splendidly in specific ways, is capable of performing splendidly in other ways? May it not be assumed that America, having acquired wealth and power, having learned to distribute comfort and leisure and material products on a vaster and wider scale than any European country, will learn, if it is not already learning, how to use to full advantage its wealth and power, its widely distributed comfort and leisure and material products?

America wants to see the wheels go round—not merely the wheels of motor-cars and machines, but the wheels of life—because it is not content with the ready-made explanations of fond parents and the rigid but evasive answers of the text-books, because it must examine for itself, ascertain for itself, rediscover for itself; and these examinations, these ascertainings, these rediscoveries, have proved to be exceedingly fertile. It requires a young brain, a young spirit, to reject the old, which may have no validity merely because it is old,

and to begin to reconstruct society, and the conditions, material, mental, and moral of society. The American wheels turn to some purpose. They are not rusty and awry; they are refurbished and re-arranged; and their efficient working is evidence of a vivid and vital mind. And a vivid and vital mind, which has demonstrated its vividness and vitality in any manner whatsoever, may be counted upon to demonstrate its vividness and vitality in any other manner whatsoever. The essential thing is vividness and vitality, not the particular manifestation of it.

§1

Bonjour, America!

There are two nations to whom in all probability the future belongs. There are two nations which demand the most earnest study, without *parti-pris*, if we would profit by the lessons they may teach. One of them is the United States. The other is Russia. The United States will not be flattered by the coupling of its name with that of Russia; and I hasten to make clear that there is no resemblance of one régime to the other. What the countries have in common is a striking newness of outlook, an unlimited perspective of potentialities; they have resources which are still largely untapped, and they are, with varying success, applying themselves, both theoretically and practically, to an immense reor-

ganisation. The case of Russia is in some respects more surprising than the case of the United States; for Russia was an old oppressed country, which had all the disabilities of other European countries. But, relieved from the pressure of a terribly reactionary autocracy, Russia began its great experiment of realising itself. Russia turned out to be, in some sense, a new country; that is to say, it had never commenced to live as a nation before 1917; it had only lived as an autocracy and a herd. I am not going to digress into a discussion of the new political system of Russia; it may be as bad as it is painted by others, or it may be as good as it is painted by the Bolsheviks. I pronounce not the smallest opinion in this place; and I am willing to admit that Russia may find that it has jumped out of the frying pan into the fire. That is beside the point; it will be just as interesting to observe why the great Russian experiment fails —if it does fail—as to observe the reasons and the nature of Russia's success—if success there is to be. At present it would appear that Russia has made a new contribution to human existence on this globe, and is shaking itself like a giant after slumber.

Entirely different from Russia in sentiment and in achievement is the only other country in the world that is interesting because it has brought to the world something completely new. I make no comparison whatever between Russia and the United States—to do so

would be straining paradox grotesquely far—though it may be remarked, in passing, that the one country whose methods Russia admires is the United States, and the one man that Russia places on the level of Lenin is Mr. Ford. When we speak of the Americanisation of Europe—though in fact the Americanisation of America is as yet woefully incomplete—we have a right to inject ironic notes into our speech. Alas! Europe will resist anything new and unknown; it will gang its own gait. But if we were to speak of the Americanisation of Russia, we should, despite appearances, be touching a profound truth. I am no prophet, nor the son of a prophet; but if I were ever tempted into that fascinating line of business, I would suggest that a hundred years from now there will be two great countries, and a clutter of smaller countries: the two great countries will be the United States and Russia, and Russia will have begun to resemble the United States.

Europe is ready enough to borrow American dollars; it would be better if it would borrow American energy, American enthusiasm, American optimism, American capacity for seeing things anew, for rejecting the dead wood of the past, for encouraging the living present, for visualising the magnificent future.

Last year, persuaded of the supremacy of the United States in this our modern world, I gladly accepted an invitation which came to me from *The Christian Sci-*

ence Monitor, which I rank as one of the most notable, if not the most notable newspaper of the day, not parochial, not national, but international and all-embracing, to visit the United States for professional purposes, and to avail myself of the opportunity of seeing many of the representative American cities, and meeting many of the representative American men and women, politicians, writers, philosophers, sociologists, professors, editors, business magnates, and taxicab drivers. I should like to express here my sincere thanks to the directors of that newspaper; but I should also, aware of the prejudice that exists against collections of newspaper articles in book form—a perfectly proper prejudice, for the proportions and immediacy of newspaper articles render them ill-fitted for more permanent publication —make it clear that this book was written as a book, and not as a series of newspaper articles; though part of it—the greater part—was afterward adapted to newspaper exigencies. I set down my impressions of men and cities, sometimes humorously, sometimes seriously; I range from gay to grave, from lively to—no, not to severe; but I trust that there is an underlying motive which will be apparent to the reader of this record of my voyage of discovery.

There have been many Columbuses since Columbus sighted America from his caravel; there will be many more Columbuses; and they should all be welcome, since

they are engaged in discovering America, not for themselves, but for Europe, and, above all, for the United States. I take my place among the Columbuses, in the hope that I, too, have made discoveries which are worth writing down and pondering.

§2

Of course it is absurd to explain the efflorescence of national qualities by reference to the age of a country. Strangely we persist in attributing the virtues and vices of America to its youth. But the people who make up the United States of America have a genealogy as extensive as the genealogy of any European people. They are Europeans in their origin. They come from races which, according to the Spenglerian conceptions, are old and weary.

My own explanation of this renewal of youth in America is perhaps just as mystical as the Spenglerian theory of the age of nations. I see, in the mind's eye, a great company of Europeans, many of them escaping from oppression, iniquity, poverty, persecution, sailing across the turbulent Atlantic, to found a new land, and all of them carrying a burden cheerfully to be borne—the burden of hope. I see them with their lightsome loads of hope spreading across the vast continent. There came to them continually fresh cargoes of hope. They established their cities on foundations of hope. The very

air they breathed was impregnated with hope. America is saturated with hope. Even today the poor emigrant, who seemingly carries only a small bundle, brings in a huge pack of hope, which no Customs officer compels him to declare, and on which no tariff is imposed. The quantity of hope in America does not diminish. Hope begets hope, and it is the commonest commodity in the United States. Hope, too, is the mother of industry, invention, courage, confidence, vigour, and of all the characteristics of the American people.

It is important to remember that the difference between Europe and America is not one of race, but rather of opportunity, or the belief in opportunity. When I was asked why I was visiting the United States, a whimsical impulse caused me to reply: "I am going in search of the good European." A Diogenes who wandered about Europe, not to find the traditional "honest man," but to discover the "good European," of whom we have lately heard much, would have to possess a powerful lantern; and indeed, unless it had some of the qualities of Aladdin's lamp, his search would be in vain.

The good European, I asserted, lives in America; he does not live in Europe. In Europe there are Englishmen, and Germans, and Frenchmen, and Italians, and Spaniards, and more than a score of other varieties of human beings; but there is no trace of a European—that is to say, a blend of all these races.

Even if we suppose the formation, politically and economically, of the United States of Europe, we can hardly hope for a racial evolution, and the emergence of a common type of European citizen. Such a European should be a compound—neither Dutch nor Anglo-Saxon, neither Latin nor Slav. Whatever his actual origins, he would have to be influenced and fashioned by many civilisations; his literature, his culture, would have to be not uninational but multinational.

It may be that at present Europe is too consciously nationalist to become European. Before Europe can be Europeanised it must be Americanised.

By which is meant that the American citizen, though he may be personally proud of his English or German ancestors, is in constant contact with immigrants and the descendants of immigrants from many European countries; and he becomes an entirely new kind of human being. He is, in short, the good European imagined by idealistic politicians but non-existent in Europe. So if Europe is ever to become European, and be peopled by Europeans, it must learn to resemble, so far as its population is concerned, the United States of America. In that event the real European will be characteristically American, just as the real American is characteristically European.

There appeared not long ago in the London *Times* a stimulating article on the United States of Europe by

a man who, more than any other, can claim to be European—I refer to Salvador de Madariaga. Europe, he said, enjoys an astounding variety of manifestations. Europe is Chartres and Venice, Heidelberg and Seville, Amsterdam and Budapest, Cambridge and Toledo, Naples and Stockholm, Canterbury and Cracow, Granada and Oxford, Copenhagen and Florence, and scores of other places, of definite flavour, all different, rich, creative, in a specific unforgettable way. In this Europe there are "the insular Briton, the olive-skinned Greek, the sharp-witted Frenchman, the Italian, proud of his new youth, the German, dreaming of re-becoming, the Spaniard, who has given up even his dreams, the Pole reborn, the Dutchman, ever active, Swedes, Norwegians, and Danes, objecting to being huddled together as Scandinavians, and many more nationals, very much themselves. But of Europeans, none. If we would see a European, an Anglo-Germano-Hollando-Italo-Franco-Scandinavian, with a strong Irish dash and a faint flavour of Spanish civilisation, we had better board a liner and land in New York."

The imaginary man of New York in Professor de Madariaga's scheme is a living compendium of the United States of Europe.

If there were ever a European Federation, it would consist of twenty-seven sovereign states—omitting Russia and principalities like Monaco and Leichtenstein, San

Marino and Andorra. The United States of America consists of forty-eight states. In area the United States of America would be one and a half times greater than the European Federation thus adumbrated; but the citizens of the United States of Europe would outnumber Americans by three to one.

Texas, the largest American state, would be slightly bigger than France, which is (excluding Russia) the largest European state. Luxembourg may be compared to Rhode Island—the smallest American state. California, Montana, and New Mexico are somewhat smaller in area than Spain, Germany, or Sweden; Holland is larger than Maryland; Finland would make three New York states; Yugo-Slavia and Oregon are about the same size.

In the United States the average number of persons per square mile is thirty-five, whereas in Europe it is 127. In Nevada only one-seventeenth of a person (if such a fractional human being can be imagined) occupies each square mile, while in Belgium 670 persons occupy each square mile. But this difference in the density of population is not complete, for states like Massachusetts are more densely inhabited, according to area, than countries like Great Britain.

Everywhere in Europe are frontiers, and every frontier is guarded by a tariff wall; whereas in the United States there are no tariff walls between the state. Think,

too, of the diversity of European governments, the republics, the monarchies, the principalities, the federal arrangements, the dictatorial régimes, as contrasted with the unity of the United States government! You will begin to see that it is foolish for Europe to adopt an attitude of superiority towards the United States.

Bonjour, America!

§3

Bonjour, America!

I will set down at the beginning—though I will return to the subject again and again—some observations on the industrial revolution—for it is nothing less—that has taken place in the United States. It was this industrial revolution which chiefly struck me and which I particularly studied. I had come from countries which were bewailing their industrial difficulties, their industrial retrogression; and which had become conscious that the United States had suddenly outpassed them and was supreme. I do not say that American methods can be immediately adopted by (for example) Great Britain, which had long kept the industrial leadership; but Great Britain could learn much from America. The United States has flung overboard the old conceptions of capital, profits, and wages. It has discovered that there are no such "laws" as were laid down by Adam Smith, Ricardo, John Stuart Mill, and even Karl

Marx—or that those laws are obsolete. In some sense it has gone back to the idealistic Socialism of William Morris, brought up to date by the development of machinery. It distributes its manufactured articles among all classes—indeed, it is wrong to use the word classes, for in the United States the caste system does not exist.

The key-note to American prosperity is simply this: that prosperity is only prosperity if it is shared by the whole people. A nation is not prosperous if its workers cannot buy the goods they themselves produce; if profits merely go into the pockets of a few privileged men. It is beside the point to allege that there is plenty of poverty in America, that there are greedy employers, and money-grabbing financiers. Doubtless there are. Ideals are not attained in a few years. But I affirm that there is throughout America an entirely new attitude towards social and industrial problems, and that, perhaps for the first time in the history of the world—certainly for the first time in the history of the modern industrial world—there is a general recognition that prosperity depends on the well-being and wealth of the worker; that the function of the employer is to make it possible for the worker to purchase freely; and that the secret of national success is not large profits and low wages but low costs and high wages.

There is in principle—and the principle is widely accepted—no antithesis of wages and profits, of master

and man, of producer and consumer. There cannot, in present conditions, be profits for anybody if the worker does not receive his share of them. There cannot, in a sensible community, be antagonism between the director who is performing his job of continually eliminating waste, of organising his factory in order to reduce overhead charges, of scrapping old machinery in favour of more efficient machinery, and generally of increasing output while decreasing cost—and the employee who can confidently help to produce more without the fear that he will be exploited, without the fear that he will not have his part in the product of his toil. There cannot be a struggle between producer and consumer, for in any rational society producer and consumer are not two persons but one. There must be complete co-operation and co-partnership of director, worker, and public.

Mass production there cannot be unless there is production for the masses. Production for the masses there cannot be unless the masses are well paid. So the rhythm of American industry is entirely different from the rhythm of European industry, where low wages are regarded as advantageous by employers, and where even the employees, through their trade unions, ask only for a so-called living wage—more or less above bare subsistence level, but always restricted by an imaginary limiting line as it is not restricted in the United States.

The American (I speak broadly) has discovered that there need be no restriction in production—for saturation point will only be reached when every man and woman in the country has purchased everything that he or she requires; and we are a long way from that. He has discovered that there need be no restriction in earnings, which are solely conditioned by production. Every improvement in the tools of labour—to which the employer gives his unremitting attention—naturally results in greater output. Greater output, provided it can find markets for itself, means a wider margin between the cost of production and the original purchase price. Thus there are potential profits. Now everything depends upon the distribution of profits at this stage. The American believes that the distribution should be threefold. Part of the profits should go to the public in the shape of cheaper goods or a better article. Part of the profits should go to the workman in the shape of higher wages. Part of the profits should be devoted to the business in the shape of available capital, by which production can again be increased, wages raised, and goods cheapened. There can be no escape from this circle.

If the capitalist foolishly thinks that he can put the profits in his pocket there will happen to him what has happened to the capitalist in other countries. His extra production will avail him nothing. It will be what is

stupidly called overproduction—as if there can be overproduction while the wants of the world remain unsatisfied! If the goods are to be sold, the market must not be confined to a comparatively few comparatively rich men; it must be extended to the whole nation. But it cannot be extended to the whole nation unless the worker is well paid and the price of the goods is reduced. It is through an appreciation of these simple facts, which are obvious enough but which nevertheless have never been appreciated properly outside America, that the American worker has been enabled to purchase motor-cars, wireless sets, encyclopedias, washing machines and whatnot (things which do not necessarily spell happiness but which may help towards happiness), and has not been treated as a proletarian entirely cut off from his own products.

America is continually striving for lower costs and higher wages, for they mean more profits, which, allocated to the provision of better equipment, to the further reduction of costs, and the increase of wages, will yield more profits in an ever-expanding market, which can again be used in the same process. When one thinks how scandalously profits have been used elsewhere, how equipment has been neglected, how prices have been maintained, how the worker has been regarded as a docile wage-slave, who is scarcely expected to buy his own goods, or to buy them in the smallest possible

quantities, according to the ox theory of labour, it is not surprising that the blind devotees of the old political science have suffered, and that America enjoys unprecedented prosperity, which belongs to capitalists, labourers and public alike.

While labour is regarded as a commodity to be bought in the cheapest market, in accordance with old economic doctrines, industrial success may well mean misery instead of prosperity; and in any event the worker will always be hostile to the employer, and will, not believing in higher wages except in so far as he can enforce them, oppose rather than favour mass production. His aim will be the limitation of production; he will be more anxious to keep and create jobs than to earn on a big scale.

In the United States there is a different mentality. The trade unions, believing that managerial success is to their advantage, persuaded that their members will not be exploited but will share in the benefits of costs reduction, have co-operated with the employers in an effort to reduce costs, and so, in the cycle of the new system, to increase wages. There has been an actual financial co-operation of workers who own stock estimated at more than a milliard dollars; and who are represented on the managerial boards. Wages, production, and consumption augment together in proper proportions. I do not say that objections cannot be found to the Amer-

ican method; I am merely explaining the change that has taken place in the conception of the so-called economic laws; and it is certain that in practice the changed conception has worked out well in the United States. Here is nothing short of a revolution in thought and in experience. Into all its implications I cannot enter, but it is undoubtedly deserving of the closest study by Europeans and Americans alike.

For my part, I studied it in personal contacts with men who have accepted and applied the teachings of the new political science, and who are fulfilling their functions as leaders of industry conscientiously, thoughtfully, and strenuously, with the primary hope of rendering public services and not of mere profiteering. The idea of public service has taken hold of director and worker and is truly a dynamic force in the United States. I also studied the trend of economic thought in innumerable writings and compilations (in which various American institutes excel) designed to explain and forward the movement for scientific management, better distribution, industrial peace, and national (truly national) prosperity. The clearest exposition, though it is of a popular character, is, in my view, that of Garet Garrett in "The American Omen." It is an admirable piece of work which could be profitably consulted by everyone who is interested in the industrial doctrines of the United States. Its thesis is that the rationalisation of

industry is only possible if the worker shares in prosperity; and prosperity is defined as the highest standard of common living—not as the accumulation of capital or the distribution of large dividends. Nor is the highest standard of common living fixed; it should be perpetually mounting. The British, the French, and the German error is to keep wages down because they are part of the costs; but there cannot be a real cheapening of costs unless the good will of the worker is won by high wages, and unless the great bulk of the public is sufficiently rich to absorb mass production.

The war did not enrich America directly, but it stimulated the American machine and the American farm, as Hiram Motherwell points out in "The Imperial Dollar: An Outline of America's Progress Toward World Domination," to their utmost productive capacity. There was a rhythm of production both as to volume and as to efficiency which had never been witnessed before. There was an elimination of waste, and everything was done to enhance the productivity of the worker. He quotes Professor J. H. Williams, who shows that factory production rose from 100 in 1913 to 128 in 1916. The movement continued after the war and Mr. Ewan Clague's investigations for the United States Department of Labour revealed that the 1925 index of man-hour production in steel works and rolling mills was 153; in automobile manufacturing 310; in

cement making 157; in flour milling 139; in petroleum refining 177; and in rubber tyre making 311. Similarly, Mr. Paul M. Bazur says, in "American Prosperity": "The war concentrated into a few years the slow fruition of decades of peace, and the process that was a tendency in the years before 1914 was an accomplished fact by 1915."

The annual income of the people of the United States, I learn from the report being prepared by Dr. Willford I. King and Professors Edwin F. Gay and Wesley C. Mitchell for the National Bureau of Economic Research, has grown from $65,949,000,000 to $89,419-000,000 since 1919. These figures do not include any allowance for the income which might be imputed to housewives and householders for services rendered to their own families, nor the value of goods and services received by employees in the form of expense accounts, nor money earned through odd-job employment. The per capita realised income, measured in dollars current at the various dates, more than doubled between 1909 and 1923; and has since been steadily increasing, until in 1928 the average annual per capita income for all the inhabitants of the United States amounted to $749, which for a family of five would amount to an annual income of $3,745. Naturally the earnings are not equally divided, but the average person receives $1,898. It is further stated that the salaried employee who in 1909

received $976 a year now receives $2,084; and the wage workers saw their income increase from $527 to an average of $1,205. Moreover, the wage, salary, and pension bill is larger than the income received by *entrepreneurs*—that is to say, those who conduct enterprises—and stands today at about sixty per cent of the total. These statistics sufficiently show that the income of workers increases as industrial earnings increase, in accordance with the policy of maintaining the power of consumption as a means of further industrial progress.

In Europe, if the depreciation of currencies is taken into consideration, salaries and wages have practically remained stationary; and thus the home markets have, as a result of a short-sighted policy, been restricted, making true prosperity impossible.

America possesses raw materials, but so does the British Empire, and so do many European countries; and in some industries, notably those in which rubber is employed, America has to buy from abroad. In any case the prices of imported raw materials and of foodstuffs are world prices. Whatever advantages America possesses, it has used them more wisely than Europe has used its advantages. America stumbled more or less consciously upon economic truths that contradict much of the old teachings of political economists. They may or they may not be fully applicable to European conditions —certainly a revolution in European thought is needed

to make them applicable—but if Europe is to keep its place in the industrial world, if it is to recover some measure of the prosperity it has lost (though it was never, in the American sense, national prosperity) it behooves it to examine, without prepossessions and prejudices, the phenomenon, and the causes of the phenomenon, of American prosperity.

Bonjour, America!

CHAPTER ONE

MY TITLE EXPLAINED

THROUGHOUT my stay in the United States there came to me persistently and insistently the conviction that the only possible general title for anything I might write on my observations and experiences would be What's Right With America. It presented itself day after day with growing inevitability. There were many reasons for this perpetually crystallising thought. There were, above all, what I may call the negative reasons.

One of them is that almost everybody who attempts to discuss the amazing world phenomenon of the United States—which is only now beginning to present itself clearly to Europe—seems to look chiefly for the faults in the American system. The faults are obvious enough as they are in all human systems, and to criticise them may make amusing reading. Almost every virtue, looked at from a particular angle, becomes a vice. Every merit, like every medal, has its reverse side. And so it is tempting for those who are accustomed to European ways, and who are somewhat disturbed at the prospect of American influence on European habits—in indus-

try, in commerce, in diplomacy, in thinking—to find the flaws in the amazing development of a land that appears as a menace to European institutions and conceptions.

I do not mean that America has not been praised, but too often the praise has been faint and grudging. It has been stuffed fuller with "buts," than the home-made cakes of my boyhood with currants. There has been something supercilious in the appreciations of the United States. Usually one detects the suggestion that America has done uncommonly well—for a young country; that its progress is commendable—considering its lack of so many things that the Old World possesses. It is certainly time that this patting on the head should cease. America, in the phrase of André Seigfried, has celebrated its coming-of-age. It is grown up, and must not be judged as a juvenile nation.

Others there are who, with studied jocularity, expose the humorous side of American life. Their accounts are racy. They make enjoyable reading. They are good-tempered. They cannot be regarded as in the smallest degree offensive. Yet it cannot be taken as the whole truth about America that its citizens drink iced water and play a strenuous kind of football.

Nor can it be denied that there are commentators who are unable to shake off age-long prejudices, and who, seeing that the United States is comparatively free

of prejudices, social, educational, political, economical, must needs condemn the United States. It is not always easy to accept the new; and the United States is not only new in its manner of building, but is new in its manner of thinking. It does not see things as Europe sees things. Its experience has been entirely different. It has tackled problems in a fresh way. It has, of course, like all human communities, created for itself doctrines which deprive it of its full liberty; but its doctrines are different, and they appear strange, and are therefore looked at askance.

Even those who admire America sincerely are sometimes afraid lest America should dominate Western civilisation. "Who shall be master—Europe or America?" cries Lucien Romier; and the tendency is to set the two continents in opposition. The contrast is doubtless great; perhaps it is greater than is usually realised. America has, as it were, started afresh; it has declined to admit, for example, the British public school standards, the French bourgeois traditions, the German ideals of slow thoroughness. It has not been content to proceed cautiously along well-known lines. It has dared to encounter the unknown; and, in its audacity, class distinctions, the love of comfortable mediocrity, and the method of patient step-by-step advance, have gone. For that matter they are going too in Europe, but precisely

because they are going is the American example blamed and dreaded. Thus there is a tendency to place America and Europe poles apart, to imagine that they belong to different worlds, and to deplore, in conservative circles, the menace of their fusion.

Nor is it only the traveller, who is naturally puzzled and shaken in his beloved ideas by the spectacle of the United States, and therefore tries to console himself by a contemplation of American short-comings, American mistakes, and American queerness, who is to be numbered among the "knockers" of America; the American himself is, despite his characteristic confidence and his occasional boastfulness, paradoxically given to "knocking" himself. The American "knockers" can roughly be divided into two categories. There are those who rail at America because it has not got far enough away from its European origins—has not, so to speak, become sufficiently American. And there are those who think that the United States is too far away from Europe—that is to say, is too American.

Among the first we may properly put H. L. Mencken. I, for one, have nothing to say against Mencken. Every country has need of stimulating critics, and if the Mencken reaction against many phases of American life appears to me excessive, yet I do not doubt that excess in vituperation can be justified by its effects. It may

be necessary to fly to extremes in order to discover the happy medium. Mencken may help America to find itself by dint of his pokings and proddings.

On the other hand, in Paris and elsewhere, I continually meet the American expatriate, who describes the United States as a place in which no cultured person can live. There are, of course, a hundred legitimate reasons for becoming an expatriate. If one's temperament is at variance with one's environment it is permissible to change the environment. Still it is not easy to listen with patience to the many disgruntled and inefficient artists and intellectuals who, no more at home in Europe than in America, pass their time in futile complainings. For them America and all things American are anathema.

I am not sure whether I should include some of the yellower newspapers among the "knockers." I pick them up and am appalled at the picture of the United States which they present. Judging by their headlines, one might arrive at the conclusion that the United States is a land of gunmen and bootleggers, of crime on a scale unknown to Europe—and a land in which nature delights to provide better and bigger catastrophes than anywhere else.

For my part, at the risk of appearing to be the poorest sort of chronicler, I will confess that I did not see a

single gunman, and was not approached by a single bootlegger. I missed the vast orgy of crime, and unaccountably was omitted from the roll-call of catastrophe. There is almost unanimous opinion against the tabloid newspaper on the ground that it gets the daily picture of American life completely out of focus; but if the record of such things is the function of a newspaper, then the smaller the newspaper the better it is—for at least limited space restricts the lugubrious record.

I read in American magazines, and other American publications, sensational denigrations of America, sometimes by Americans, sometimes by distinguished foreign visitors; and abroad I listen to expatriates and to Europeans who never tire of their ruthless exposure of American faults. Generally I am told that America is without a "soul"—whatever that term may mean when applied to a nation of a hundred and twenty million people, highly conscious of themselves, of all temperaments and of all cultures. No country was ever, in the whole history of the world, so much debated as is America. That is, perhaps, however critical may be some of the remarks, the best compliment that could be paid to America. Criticism itself is an unconscious tribute.

Yet, sifting these evidences of interest in the United States, comparing them with my own knowledge, with my own experiences in the United States, I am im-

pelled to set down the results of my recent visit in somewhat different form; it is possible to write a long account of What's Wrong With America; I prefer to state, in these notes of travel, my opinion of What's Right With America.

CHAPTER TWO

THE FAIRY TOWERS OF GOTHAM

THERE are, in addition to the reaction against the "knockers," hundreds of positive reasons why one should rejoice in the United States. From apple-pie to universities, it is full of admirable and indeed model institutions. Life is, of course, good in Europe, too, but as I made the comparison I could not help feeling that in mechanical appliances and in organisation the United States has left Europe far behind.

When I was still at school, America was, I remember, spoken of as the land of the future. It has still a great future before it—a future of incalculable greatness. If its progress in the years to come is commensurate with its progress in the past thirty or forty years, it will be difficult to set any limits to its onward march. Since the eighties and the nineties—since the turn of the new century—even since the end of the war—there has been transformation after transformation. Mark Sullivan has enabled us to see America in retrospect. What an astonishing distance has been covered! Of course, if one chooses to go further back, if one remembers,

for example, that a hundred years ago Fort Dearborn was a little settlement of dwellers in huts and is now Chicago, the unparalleled growth is bewildering.

To the American who left home, let us say, twenty years ago, or to the traveller whose recollections are of the America of twenty years ago, the return is almost unbelievable. The architecture of New York has changed amazingly. The older, uglier, flat-topped skyscrapers, which served a purely utilitarian purpose, have been replaced by the most beautiful buildings, with magnificent towers, with broad-based but tapering silhouettes, which make the skyline of Manhattan, as one approaches the city by the Hudson river, a splendid vision of unforgettable loveliness. That was the beginning of a series of wonderful spectacles that perpetually met my eyes. Buildings in themselves are, it will be objected, nothing; they are gigantic but purely material constructions. They could have been erected by diligent slaves. But that is not true. The skyscrapers of Manhattan are a symbol. They could not have been built without vision and without daring. They stand at the entrance of the United States, a unique and significant sight.

I suppose every modern writer about the United States begins with the skyline of Manhattan. What else is there to begin with? It rises up, startling, supreme, and superb, after nearly a week's journey across the

Photograph by Underwood & Underwood

THE SKYLINE OF MANHATTAN

great waste of waters. There is no such landfall anywhere else in the world. Always is one gladdened by the first glimpse of shore; on every ship that sails the seas everybody crowds on deck to gaze when the merest shoulder of rock is signalled. But here is something entirely different from anything else—an immense human hive of giant dimensions which takes one's breath away after the long voyage.

Long the voyage is, though the huge ocean liners halved the length of time which it used to take, and then halved it again. Some of my American friends so love the sea that they still prefer the nine-day boats. They regard life at sea as a pleasant and reposeful holiday. I confess that for my part, though I was brought up by the side of the sea, and spent the best of my boyhood in watching the tall ships a-building and sailing out into the setting sun, I would always choose the five- or six-day boats. There are many of them: the "Leviathan" of the United States, the biggest vessel afloat, the "Bremen" of Germany, the swiftest of the transatlantics, the old "Mauretania" of Great Britain which barely yields second place to its young rival, the "Ile-de-France" of France, the most exquisitely decorated, in modern style, of these floating palaces. . . . There are others doubtless equally good; and, traversing the ocean, the principal topic of conversation is the relative merits of the Atlantic steamers.

At one's table there is invariably a man who has crossed the ocean at least a score of times. He knows all about the speed, the comfort, and the sea-worthiness of the better known and of some of the lesser known ships. He will tell you how this ship rolls badly in a storm, and how that ship is inclined to pitch. He will tell you that a third is as steady as a rock when monstrous waves break over the upper decks. And always will another seasoned voyager contradict him. There is a general swapping of impressions. Captains, and even pursers, are compared. The quality of the food on American, British, French, and German liners is discussed. . . .

There seems, indeed, little else to do. Arnold Bennett once wrote a book with the title of "How to Live on Twenty-four Hours a Day." He showed us, if I remember rightly, just how every hour should be filled with agreeable and useful occupations. He pointed out, if my memory does not deceive me, that we are always bewailing the fact that we have not an extra hour or two. If only we had an extra hour what fine things we could accomplish!

Well, here we are sailing to America, without telephone calls (although I hear that the telephone has just been installed on one ship) without correspondence, without multitudinous engagements, without any of the interruptions and distractions of life ashore; and moreover, we are, by a special dispensation, allowed

twenty-five hours a day. We are rich in time. Even if we had only the customary twenty-four hours daily, we should have those twenty-four hours in a much more absolute sense than we have them in the city. As there is a difference, in our method of reckoning time, of five hours between New York and Greenwich, which we must consume somehow in the five or six days, we are awarded a bonus of an extra hour a day. What do we do with our twenty-five hours? Alas, we do nothing at all. We do infinitely less than we are accustomed to do. Here is a parable. It is not in perpetually desiring greater opportunities, or even in obtaining greater opportunities, that we shall do better things; it is simply in availing ourselves of such opportunities as we have.

We walk round the deck—four or five turns to a mile —and we look at the sea and the sky, and we stretch ourselves in the steamer chairs, and we try to read and fail, and we go to the gymnasium or to the barber's and manicurist's shop, and we take breakfast and lunch and tea and dinner, and we watch the races of the wooden horses, and we peep into the children's room with its Punch and Judy show, and we play golf and quoits and tennis, and we go to the "movies," and listen to the dance music, and take some interest in the "auction pool," wondering whether we shall make 550 or 560 miles, or whether the "high field" or the "low field" will win, and we doze in the grand salon, and the twenty-

five hours pass, and no book, and scarcely a letter, is written, and nobody, except a few Wall Street men who have a broker's office on board with the latest prices by "wireless," thinks of working. That is to say, nobody among the passengers—for there is after all a crew, which may number nearly a thousand, officers, engineers, stewards, and waiters, who are kept hard at work and who may be called upon to serve every minute of the twenty-five hours.

And then at last that skyline of Manhattan, emerging from the waters, and the crowded Hudson river, alive with boats, big and little, puffing, bustling, criss-crossing, hooting, a pandemonium of human activities after the lazy voyage; and the islands in the river, and the docks, miles on miles of them (somebody told me that, in and out, round and about, both sides of islands and all arms of rivers and everything, there is a waterfront of six hundred miles—it sounds incredible, but then nothing, literally nothing, is impossible in New York, and it may indeed be so); and that great cluster of gargantuan cathedrals rising one above the other, multicoloured in the clean invigorating blueish air, multicoloured with its red and blue and grey hues, and yet, as it stands up with its towers and its turrets, elevated above the step-like setback masses of masonry, producing somehow an impression of shining white; such is the town of Gotham at once giant and fairylike, in

all its glory, as one sails from the sea into the river, and the little tugboats nuzzle and push with all their might against the sides of the high ship, midgets guiding and thrusting the transatlantic into its appointed place in the immense haven of old Gotham.

CHAPTER THREE

THE PATIENCE OF NEW YORK

No statistics can convey the smallest idea of New York. My guide book ranks it first among the cities of the world with its area of 320 square miles and its population of well over six millions. I fancy that Greater London still claims supremacy, and Chicago is ambitious of overtaking the Eastern town. But whatever may be the facts and figures, New York looks like the largest city of the world. It is difficult to imagine anything larger. And, of course, stretching away far inland, is a continuous extension of New York, that goes by various names and enjoys a variety of municipal administrations.

It is natural enough that many New Yorkers should think of New York as Manhattan and the Bronx, and that they should rarely cross the East river by the famous bridge into Brooklyn and Queensborough on Long Island, and still less frequently go to Richmond on Staten Island. Yet Manhattan and the Bronx constitute only about seven per cent of New York. Across the Hudson is the rich state of New Jersey.

Photograph by Underwood & Underwood

THE TRAFFIC ON FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

Photograph by Underwood & Underwood

BROADWAY AT NIGHT

"Let us take a bus ride," said my friend; "that's the best way of seeing New York." So we boarded a Fifth Avenue bus, and from its top surveyed the changing scene. What a panorama of shops, hotels, public buildings, and famous residences! What an unending stream of traffic, automobiles moving like chessmen in solid wedges from block to block, and pedestrians released as by a spring at the crossroads! And then along Riverside Drive, with its fine view of the Hudson river, the Columbia University, and the magnificent monument to Grant! It used to be said that the only way of looking at London was from the top of a bus, and the same remark may properly be applied to New York.

Yet for my part, expensive as it is, and slow as it may be, I enjoy the experience of riding in a taxicab from the Battery to somewhere approaching 196th street; for, from one's seat behind the driver, one gets a remarkable effect of the deep canyons at the bottom of which one is moving. The buildings, thirty or forty storeys high, shut one in on either side and appear to stretch to infinity. It is awe-inspiring thus to proceed through Madison Avenue, or to go, by way of Lexington Avenue, where the traffic is less congested, to the *World* office.

How appointments are ever kept punctually in New York I am at a loss to imagine. The time consumed in transit cannot be estimated in advance. I was invited

to luncheon in a club situated among the low numbers of Broadway, and as I was living almost at the corner of Broadway and of 45th street I allowed myself a quarter of an hour. It took me an hour and a quarter to reach my destination! I regret to say that by a similar miscalculation I was three-quarters of an hour late for dinner at a house on Riverside Drive. On the other hand, the way being uncommonly clear, and the overhead roads proving particularly commodious, I turned up at least twenty minutes too soon to tea in Park Avenue. How is it possible to regulate one's day in such a city? I wonder if anybody does? I wonder how many calls a business man reckons on making in the mornings or afternoons? They cannot be many. I found that the maximum was three, and that two were sufficiently difficult.

Business men do not seem to mind. They have the telephone which they use much more freely than the telephone is used anywhere in Europe. It is true that delicate transactions cannot be completed by telephone, however efficient the service may be. But it is probably enough to see two or three persons a day. At any rate everybody in New York resigns himself to the limitations of material possibilities, and fumes and frets at delay far less than the business man of London and Paris.

For that matter it is not necessary to have a long experience of New York to realise that the legend of

business hustle has no real foundations. New York struck me as an especially leisurely city. It was not easy for me to adjust myself to the slower tempo of movement. To an interviewer I facetiously remarked that I was taking a rest cure in New York after a busy time in Europe; and although the *boutade* need not be taken too literally, there is in it an element of truth.

If, in Europe, I am obliged to make visits to discuss affairs, I endeavour to say what I have to say as quickly as possible. I am afraid of intruding, of taking up precious time unnecessarily. But in New York, whenever I had occasion to see a business man, he made me welcome, he talked of things in general, he encouraged me to express my opinion on totally irrelevant matters, he prevented me from hurrying away, he made me feel that if I wished it—and even if I did not wish it—his whole day was at my disposal. He would propose that we should eat together, or offer to drive me back to my hotel. That he was working under pressure was an idea which was quickly dispelled.

Patience is a virtue that New York has learned. When one comes to think of it, it is an indispensable virtue in New York. The elevators ascend and descend with lightning rapidity. There are expresses which do not stop before the twentieth floor. But one may have to wait for what appears to be an unconscionable time before the elevator doors swing open to admit the im-

patient European. And when one is at last on the sidewalk it is no use fidgeting and fuming. One must travel on foot, or in a vehicle, methodically, block by block.

Having spent a considerable portion of my days in Paris cabs, I naturally expected the New York cabs to dart in and out amid the traffic, to take every risk in order to arrive a few minutes earlier than was strictly legitimate, to ignore regulations and to adopt a hundred expedients to steal an advantage over other cabs. I naturally expected that the driver, caught and brought to a standstill, would wave his arms and express discontent in a loud voice—volubly and vociferously.

Nothing of this sort happened. The driver in New York is a philosopher who has accommodated himself to circumstances which no amount of worrying can alter. He takes things as they are. He respects the signals, automatic or human. He respects his fellows. He is willing to sit quietly on his seat, without anxiety, without perturbation, and he utters no protest. All being well, he will earn his six dollars a day, and he is not constantly brooding over the dollars he has lost by being held up in the tangle of traffic. I think that the philosophy of the taxi-driver has permeated all New Yorkers, and I even found myself, after a few days, resigning myself to what was apparently inevitable.

I was only tempted to change this opinion once—on the day that I took the subway, and was rushed down

corridors, and hustled unmercifully in a mad jam. I had been told that this was the only way of keeping an appointment. Perhaps it was—but at what cost of wasted energy and discomfort! It happened that the person I was hastening to see was another interviewer, who, while I mopped my perspiring brow, asked me, in that unexpected way American interviewers have, what I thought about money.

"I am, on the whole, indifferent to money," I replied, "but I want enough to enable me to take a taxicab instead of the subway."

Unhappily the interviewer was not content to record my epigram. She unkindly described me as a gentleman who "continually wipes his face with a red handkerchief." Never did I realise so keenly the falsity of generalisations! But I do not doubt that my red handkerchief was employed that afternoon to some purpose after my experience of the subway.

Think of the anomaly. In other cities the buildings are a few storeys high, and they contain, even in the most crowded residential or business centres, only a few score persons. Let us say, if you like, that they contain a few hundred persons. Now a New York building, towering to the skies, must, as a minimum, contain several thousand persons. The number may, for aught I know, sometimes run up to much more than a score of thousand persons. Yet the streets are, for the most part,

just as wide in Paris and London as in New York. What then must happen when the inhabitants of each township that is called a building in New York, are let loose, at about the same hour, into the streets? Precisely what you imagine must happen, does happen. There is an extraordinary congestion. Architects must begin to think in terms of streets as well as in terms of buildings. That too will come. In the meantime New York learns that it must not hustle as Paris and London hustle; and that it must cultivate the virtue of patience.

CHAPTER FOUR

TIMES SQUARE AFTER TWENTY-FIVE YEARS

THE first thing that strikes the observant visitor in New York—and, as I subsequently discovered, in most of the large American towns—is the cleanness and contentedness of the passers-by. Nowhere else have I seen such a high standard of good dressing. All the men are neatly, when they are not smartly, attired. As for the women and girls, they are the "best turned out" in the world.

The palm for feminine *chic* used to be awarded to Paris. Paris still deserves a foremost place, but New York is several paces ahead. The Parisienne knows how to carry her clothes gracefully; but so does the New Yorker. The little midinette contrives to make of a piece of chiffon and a few fal-de-lals a charming robe. Perhaps the girl clerk in New York has no need to exercise her ingenuity; she can simply buy a gown when she wants one; but however this may be, whether she possesses a nimble needle or a more nimble dollar, she is garbed pleasingly—I think more pleasingly than her sister in any other city.

In the vast diversity of New York, where you can find all conditions, there are poor areas, dismal slums. I have had glimpses of them, for I did not restrict my wanderings to the spaces between the Battery and Central Park. But I am now speaking of the business and shopping centre, and of the amusement centre, and I am comparing it with similar centres in the many lands I have known. It comes out of the comparison with the greatest possible honors.

Yes, there is a vast diversity in New York. There is Washington Square, where the aristocracy—for New York too has its aristocracy, which is regarded as parvenu in Philadelphia—is bearing up gallantly but hopelessly against the rising tide of money and democracy which levels us all. And from Washington Square one steps into the heart of Bohemia—into the famous Greenwich Village. 'Tis ever thus. In most cities the artists' quarter touches the aristocrats' quarter. But in New York both aristocrats and artists will soon be dispossessed. There are still quaint little rendezvous in Bohemia, and earnest girls and reckless young men who are prepared to sacrifice everything for Art (with a capital A); but there is no place for a Village in the great City. The process is remorseless. . . .

On the whole, I think New York is more mixed than most cities which have an immense cosmopolitan population. It is true that you can go to Chinatown—there

is a special service of coaches to this picturesque district by Chatham Square, for Chinatown has become a show place; and Harlem remains, of course, the home of the negro as Park Avenue is the home of the multi-millionaire; and as you walk through the Ghetto in the same neighbourhood, with its teeming streets, you have an impression of squalor and poverty; and Wall Street is devoted to finance; and the theatres are mostly on or about Broadway; and Bronx Park is the modern Noah's Ark. But although these and other specialised districts can be picked out, yet, generally, the various kinds of inhabitants of New York are everywhere in New York.

It has become a commonplace to say of New York—as it is said of London—that there are more Germans in it than there are in a large-sized German town, and more Italians than in an Italian city, and more Poles than are congregated together in any part of Poland, and more Irish than there are in Ireland, and more, far more, Jews than there are in Jerusalem; and it may be that New York is the capital of Lithuania, and the capital of several other countries; and certainly at my table on the ship which carried me to the United States, the returning Americans consisted of an Irishman, a Scandinavian, a Russian, a German, and an Italian; but despite the variety of racial origins of those who enter by the portals of New York, there is an almost immediate assimilation. This or that group stands apart; this

or that colony is formed; but the melting-pot does its work quickly, and the immigrants, or the sons of immigrants, who make good, become truly American and seek to obliterate the distinctive signs of their origin.

Among the distinctive signs there could be nothing more revealing than segregation; and segregation is therefore properly deprecated. This is as it should be, and although you will find French hotels, and German "taverns," and Italian eating-places, you will find them scattered everywhere.

All this city one can survey from the Woolworth Tower; it is a staggering spectacle. And since the Woolworth Tower was built—making the Flatiron building, the forerunner of the skyscrapers, seem small—other more audaciously ascensional buildings have been erected. Yet there was really no need to visit the Woolworth Tower for the view. I could get it from my bedroom window. My bedroom window was prodigiously elevated. Down below men looked like pigmies—a mass of busy ants. These giant buildings seem disproportionate; they dwarf humanity; they cast great shadows across the bottom of the pit in which men move. One should not look down. One should look at the city in the skies.

No wonder that at the desk of my hotel I overheard a fellow guest complaining, "You have put me on the twenty-seventh floor. Have you nothing higher than

that?" To be high is to be in a purer atmosphere and in the clearer light of altitudes, and out of the noise. One has something of the sensation that the mountaineer experiences. Above the throngs! Carlyle, anticipating the advent of the skyscraper, was positively lyrical about the poor little heights of his own day. He makes his German professor, Teufelsdröckh, in an attic, rejoice in being above the commotion; "I, my friend, I sit above it all: I am alone with the stars!"

But the stars here are electric. How brightly lit is New York! They call Paris "*La Ville Lumière*," but there is nothing in Paris so dazzling as The Great White Way. It is inevitable that some part—and that a comparatively small part—of any city should come to represent for each person the whole. Doubtless this is to be deprecated; I cannot help it; my Gotham will always be that part which lies around Times Square. Many places have I heard called the crossroads of the world—and I have myself conferred that title on one Parisian *carrefour*. The authentic crossroads of the world lie by Times Square. Nobody who goes to America at all can fail to spend some hours in its vicinity.

Statistics—it is difficult to avoid them—say that one million persons pass through Times Square every twenty-four hours. More than half a million passengers use the subway station below the Square. I read that in the early Nineteenth Century cattle grazed in the

meadows of Times Square; that John Jacob Astor bought the seventy-acre Eden Farm which is bounded today by Forty-Second and Forty-Sixth street and the Hudson river for $25,000. Merely for the corner of Forty-Third street and Broadway, six million dollars were recently paid.

They were celebrating the twenty-fifth anniversary of Times Square when I lived in a watch tower above the great sea of lights. The Broadway Association summed up the mechanical progress of the quarter of a century. "During this period Times Square has witnessed the evolution of type-setting, the introduction of the rotogravure press; wireless connections are completed around the world; dauntless airplane flights have been made across the Atlantic; dear old dobbin and his buggy are replaced by the swift moving motor-car; mud roads across the continent are transformed into paved boulevards; kerosene lamps have been shelved for the modern electric lamp; there are air compresses to replace the mall and chisel in our quarries; scrubbing boards are discarded for the power-washing machine, and the straw broom and feather duster have graduated into vacuum cleaners; the American harvester has come to save the world from famine; time and space are abridged by the long-distance telephone and the air mail, with television just around the corner; the voice is made a permanent record on the phonograph; the

motion picture has been brought to life by the spoken word; and the mighty radio carries its message of good will and peace on earth over two hemispheres."

Just as much as old Dr. Johnson loved to take his walk down the Strand, did I love to take my walk down Broadway in the evening, when eyes are more lustrous under the lights, when the street is agog with theatre-goers. There are over a hundred places of amusement hereabouts, and they all add their blaze to the nightly bonfire of Broadway. Fantastically illuminated signs of many colours run from the earth to the top of fifty-storey buildings. I invented a word for the unparalleled brilliance of Broadway—Nocturnalia. If anybody objects that there are far worthier parts of New York, I agree; of course there are; but there is something about this mass search for entertainment, about these hundreds of thousands of New Yorkers who, after the cares of the day, are, in their own manner, happy, that appeals to me. There are doubtless sorrows and tragedies too on Broadway, as there are frivolities and follies. No matter; Broadway and its innumerable throngs of New Yorkers make a brave show.

CHAPTER FIVE

COMPANIONSHIP AND CO-OPERATION

ONE of the outstanding features of the United States is the hospitality of its inhabitants. I have been in many cities and everywhere have received a welcome such as no other country accords. It may be suggested that the circumstances of my visit account for this treatment, but I have compared notes with others and I have every reason to believe that friendliness is the keynote of American conduct. For it was not only where I happened to be known, it was not only by men to whom I had letters of introduction, that generosity was shown. On the trains I might begin a conversation with total strangers; they were only too happy to enter into social communion; they were interested in me without exhibiting any impertinent curiosity; they related frankly their business, their hopes, their experiences; and altogether I have never encountered more cheerful humanity than on my American travels.

When I think of the stiffness and taciturnity of the average Englishman on a journey, when I think of the egotism of the Frenchman, the sullenness of the Ger-

man, and the general unsociability of Europeans on trains, I am surprised at the pleasant, easy manners of the Americans. There is no sense of intruding on privacy, there is no suspicion of an improper attempt on either side to capture confidence, there is no thought of concealment; there is only a human welcome. So a man of Seattle tells me precisely why he is going to Washington; and a lady with whom I find myself at dinner relates how she divides her time between Boston, where her married daughter lives, and Los Angeles, where is her home. It is all so natural, so unaffected, so exempt of that quality we call gush; it is a simple belief that one person must be interested in another. There is in it too, as I clearly discerned on several occasions, a desire to be helpful by the exchange of notes as to the respective conditions in different trades and in different parts of the country. We are here to learn from each other. . . .

Nor is there ever the smallest consciousness of class distinction. Hence there is no pretence. The man in a small way of business will inform you of his difficulties as well as of his expectations. He is not afraid that you are in a superior situation and will therefore look down on him. Nor is the man in a big way afraid of getting on speaking terms with somebody who is "beneath" him. He may speak of his successes, but it is not for the purpose of humiliating.

It is the fear of getting outside one's caste which keeps many Europeans tongue-tied. I hardly think that there is caste in the United States—or at least if there are snobbish circles they are remote from everyday life. We are all in the same boat. We are all on an equality. If I happened to say I was a writer, nobody was either contemptuous or awed, as he might have been, in accordance with his temperament, in other lands; I was merely regarded as being in another line of business. Rich or poor, artist or trader—these things make no difference to the human relation.

There may be exceptions—I have no doubt there are—but the rule of social intercourse, casual or continuous, in the United States, is that of treating everybody as an equal. A newspaper proprietor with whom I was associated was in the habit of making the most unexpected promotions. One day a friend of mine who was with him politely raised his hat to the bellboy. "Why did you do that?" asked the publisher. And the reply came: "Who knows? He may be Editor tomorrow." Now this is repeated in England as a joke. But it is not quite as good a joke in the United States. In that land of opportunity it is true that the bellboy of today may be a magnate of tomorrow. No doors are closed to him. When he is a magnate he will never try to forget that he was once a bellboy. Nor will be really consider himself as higher in the human scale. He is glad to have had

his chance, and proud of having taken it; but he will have no scorn for those who have not had their chance, or who have failed to take it.

This makes for a natural politeness. I do not mean that everybody I met was well trained in the minor graces of etiquette. But I do mean that nobody applied in his dealings with me any other than the essential human standards. There was no question of a particular kind of education or a particular position in the world. I have been invited to rich men's homes and to poor men's homes; I have had commerce with "intellectuals" and with "low brows"; and always was there the same ease, the absence of those artificial barriers which we Europeans are too fond of erecting.

In the United States are no feudal traditions, no hereditary hierarchy; and this is unquestionably an advantage. Nobody points out that the father of a man in high office was a blacksmith—either to despise him for it or to marvel at his rise. It is taken as normal.

This is, however, only a partial explanation of the good manners of the Americans towards each other and towards strangers. I think they are also due to memories and habits of the early pioneering days when it was necessary to rely on mutual help. For that matter, mutual help, as Prince Kropotkin asserted, is natural instinct which is allowed freest expression in primitive

communities; and in this respect America has remained a primitive community. I hope and I believe that it will long so remain.

The waiters, the club or hotel servants, the taximen (who are my friends in many cities of Europe and the United States) all endeavoured to render cheerful services without obsequiousness. They rendered them disinterestedly. It was their job, but it was a job they performed with human friendliness. I am sure that in this respect the United States excels.

It will be seen that I am writing of experiences which cannot be considered peculiarly personal; such courtesies were not extended to me with any special motive. But in a more personal way I was perpetually surprised by the readiness of the people with whom I came into contact to do anything to make my stay more agreeable. In New York I ran across an acquaintance at one of the MacDonald receptions, who, learning that I was proceeding to Boston, immediately insisted that I should make use of his Boston house though he would not be there; he rang up his valet to prepare him for my coming. As for the clubs that opened their doors to me I can scarcely count them. "If you are going to Washington I will arrange for a room at the Cosmos Club for you," said one man; and another immediately undertook that I should have the privileges of the Metro-

politan Club. The University Club of Boston, the Century, the National Arts, the Players, and the Townhall Club of New York opened their doors. In Philadelphia, in Chicago, in Detroit, and in other cities cordial invitations of the same character were issued to me. Some of them came from old friends, but others came from new friends after five minutes' acquaintance.

I think the club, as it is understood in America, is an admirable institution, and it belongs to the general system of friendliness and kindness that is a conspicuous characteristic of American life. The hotels are excellent and not, I think, over-expensive; but the clubs offer something more of social amenities than the hotels. They are large, commodious, well managed; and with their libraries, their lounges, their reading-rooms, and the feeling of fellowship that prevails, they do their best to make one forget that one is not at home. In fact, for many permanent residents they are homes. You are known at once, and pleasant nods and smiles greet you. I cannot speak too warmly of the American club.

It may appear that I insist too much on American sociability, but truly I conceive it to be one of the most splendid things; it may be that it is one of the secrets of American success. It is manifested on a large scale whenever an untoward event afflicts a district; instantly there is a spontaneous flood of subscriptions for the relief of distress. It is manifested in the Rotarian and

similar organisations; on the ship notice-board, for example, on the first day out, there was posted an invitation for Rotarians to sign their names and to get together. Companionship and co-operation—how, with these, can America not be great?

CHAPTER SIX

WHY OPINIONS ARE NEWS

THERE was, however, always one way in which I was expected to repay hospitality: I was to give a considered reply to the unfailing question—What do you think of America? I did my best then, as I am doing now, to put my opinion in a few sentences. But I could never say enough. I could never satisfy this thirst for my opinion. I was not foolish enough to feel flattered; I realised that everybody who lands on the shores of America is expected to formulate his views about the country he is seeing or is to see. It is obvious that America is making a collection of observations, good, bad, and indifferent, about itself, as a boy may collect the commonest kind of butterfly.

Why? I asked myself time and again why anybody should ask me that question. What did it matter what I thought, anyhow? The United States is not one of those tiny new States in Europe which, anxious to become known, are as grateful for publicity as a rising musical comedy "star." And as for advice, the United States seems to be able to run itself without any out-

side suggestions. Nor was it mere politeness, for I saw in the newspapers, in conspicuous places and with largeish headlines, the "opinions" about the United States of people even less important than myself; and I became aware that such "opinions" are news.

One day an American friend said to me: "I wonder why the views of every visitor are news?"

"Precisely what I have been wondering," I replied. "It is almost impossible to imagine an English reporter eagerly pursuing an American visitor to England with the request for his opinion of England. I do not know a single editor who would print such an article. Readers would demand why they were being insulted. England has its own opinion of itself, and that seems to suffice. The same remark applies to the Continental countries. Certain French newspapers, it is true, have been wooing America, and with ostentatious flattery and obvious motives have printed American nonsense about France. Apart from such propaganda, French newspapers do not regard foreign views about France as news. Nor does Germany. Nor does Italy, which positively discourages any expression of opinion. Nor does Russia, which might take stern measures against indiscreet comment. No; Europe is not curious about American opinion; but America is unmistakably curious about European opinion."

"It should be remarked, too," said my friend, "that if

Europe has no use for opinions about itself, it has a great deal of use for European opinions about America. It is not content with the unprofessional tales of casual travellers. It sends commissions to America to study American conditions. It compiles statistics about America. It discusses America in its newspapers. In short, whatever anybody thinks about America is news both in America and in Europe. This is surely a strange and significant fact."

The explanation of this fact must be twofold. First, why should America care so greatly for foreign opinion? Second, why should foreign opinion concern itself so greatly with America?

The United States has in recent years come to occupy the paramount position in the world. This statement will scarcely be disputed by anyone, though it will doubtless be accepted reluctantly. Supremacy has shifted from nation to nation in the course of history. Now the sceptre has gone to the United States. That is the biggest event of our time—for it is in our time, and indeed during the past decade, that it has happened. This does not mean that America owes its situation to the war. The war may have accelerated American consciousness of its power; the war may have given an impetus to manufacture in the United States as it did in the European countries; but it was not by supplying goods that are largely unpaid for that America became rich

or powerful. The greatest advance in American prosperity has been since the war, and not during the war; but one must go back to the beginning of the Twentieth Century to discover the causes of the industrial revolution that then began to make its effects felt.

Let me recall that in the first quarter of the present century the population of America increased by fifty per cent, and that the production of agricultural, mineral, and manufactured articles, together with railway transportation, increased two and a half times. This great step forward was not due to the discovery of new natural resources, as was the case in the earlier history of America. It was due to new methods—a complete transformation of the old political economy. No wonder that Americans themselves are bewildered by their sudden progress, and are not perhaps quite aware of the reasons of their progress. No wonder that, with all the theorising that has followed the performance, they should still expect some light to be thrown on their achievement by the foreigner. The foreigner in his turn is perplexed. He too looks for some light. Thus America, both for Americans and for foreigners, has become the world's biggest item of news.

Material prosperity means political power; it is impossible for America, even if it would, to refrain from exercising its influence in Europe. So we all stand gaping at the great enigma of the United States.

Photograph by Underwood & Underwood

NEW YORK. THE GRAND CENTRAL SECTION

In the meantime, Europe, which possesses a past, is beginning to ask itself whether it possesses the present, and still more whether it possesses the future. Mark Twain mocked Europe for its past, but hundreds of thousands of his compatriots have learned to admire and revere the antiquity of the Continent. A past, however, is not enough. . . .

There can be no doubt that in external things the United States has gone far ahead of Europe. It may be possible to show that Europe has invented and discovered more than America; but certainly America has availed itself of inventions and discoveries to a degree that makes the mechanical appliances of Europe seem paltry by comparison. In everything that pertains to material civilisation, the United States strikes me as being at least a generation in advance of Europe.

Nobody can be in the United States long without being seized by a sense of its unbounded enterprise, its vital confidence in its future. Its youthful energy is remarkable. In the older countries we will discuss a scheme for fifty years, we will shake our heads at the difficulties and at the expense, we will muddle along with obsolete machinery and institutions, fearfully procrastinating, timidly rejecting. America conceives—and executes. It does not linger, it does not count the cost, it does not believe that anything is impossible because it has never been done before or because it is

on a scale greater than has entered into human experience. It boldly attempts—and it succeeds.

It is not conservative, it has no inhibitions, it does not doubt, it does not hesitate. It scoffs at our prudence, our timorous wisdom. It is not obsessed by musty maxims, outworn traditions. It actually makes rivers run uphill if it wants them to run uphill. It has done this very thing, which in Europe is the proverbial expression of the impossible. Nothing can stop the United States, because it believes that nothing can stop it.

It is not disillusioned and depressed. It has vast vision, and the faith that can remove mountains. Yet it does not wish to dominate Europe or outshine Europe. Its secrets, so far as it knows them itself, are open secrets. America would like Europe to profit by them. Will Europe do so? It must, if it is to have a future worthy of its past. The United States—it seems to me—teaches us that our mental outlook in Europe is all wrong; that we need vigorously to readjust our ideas and vitalise our action if we are to play an adequate part in the progress of the world.

And that is why what I think, and what others think, about America, why anything which may serve to explain America to itself and to Europe, is, and must be, however poor it may be, however inadequate it may be, both for America and Europe—news.

CHAPTER SEVEN

SPENDING AND PROSPERITY

IT WAS in Times Square that I found one clue to the secret. The lights of Broadway blazed into the night, and the interminable throngs paraded the pavements. But there, on an open space, was a black mass. I crossed the street and saw on a white screen the faint features of New York's Mayor. From these faint features sounds issued.

Here were the "talkies" in the open air. In that great glow the pictures could not, of course, be sharp and distinct. They were blurred and hazy. Nevertheless it was possible to distinguish the figure of "Jimmy" Walker, as I understand he is familiarly called even by his opponents. And it was certainly possible to hear what he said in a stentorian voice such as he does not possess in real life. That voice rang out over the din of Broadway. No Ulysses could have closed the ears of his companions to this modern siren. For siren Jimmy Walker was. He was wooing the population of New York to the ballot boxes.

What was the song the siren sang? I do not want to

be accused of exaggeration, but as I recollect the song it ran something like this: "My administration has spent twice as much as any previous administration, and if you return us we will spend twice as much again." I am summarising, and the exact proportions may be wrong. It may have been three times as much or it may only have been fifty per cent more. That detail is of no importance. The point is that the electoral campaign was the iteration and reiteration of an amazing expenditure.

I have followed many electoral campaigns—I have even, in my unregenerate days, when I was still attracted by politics, participated in them. But never before had it occurred to me that it might help a candidate to boast of the amount of public money he had spent. In France and in England I have listened to pleas for economy. I have made pleas for economy. I have promised economy. I have pointed to records of economy. Sometimes it is impossible to refrain from discussing useful expenditure—on roads and on education—but this part of the argument is approached with trepidation. It is regarded as extremely delicate. One speaks of it apologetically or with a conscious and challenging boldness. Never is expenditure in itself considered to be a good card to play. I think you could go through all the European countries, and everywhere find that the necessity of public expenditure has to be

excused. Only the other day I read an article in a British newspaper directed against Chancellor Snowden, the burden of which was that "axe-ing, not taxing" is England's most urgent need. The tendency of budgets, it is true, is upwards, ever upwards; there is an Excelsior-like spirit in all custodians of the public purse. But they do not, like the youth of Longfellow, wave banners about it. Tears stand in their bright blue eyes when they are besought to stay.

Not so the managers of electoral campaigns in New York. Be it remembered that I am not criticising; I am merely drawing a contrast, and on the whole my admiration goes out to those who would climb the highest peaks. Much more does my admiration go out to the electors who would encourage them. Of course money must be spent on public works. Of course roads and education must be improved. I am not in a position to judge whether the money is spent judiciously or not; and it does not concern me. I am concerned rather with the reactions of the New Yorkers towards expenditure. They are not afraid of it. They welcome it. They are convinced that it is only by spending that one can get anything worth while.

This contrast was to me most illuminating. Years ago I myself, in writing of the French people, protested against their vaunted thriftiness. The virtues of thrift are extolled at the top of copybooks. But although it

may be excellent for the individual to make provision for a rainy day, it is plain enough that if everybody pushed thrift to extremes nothing but the bare necessaries of life would be bought. And if nothing but the bare necessaries of life were bought, then production would be restricted to the narrowest limits. And if production were restricted to the narrowest limits, there would be a lack of employment. And, in the end, thrift would mean individual and national ruin. The logic of this is surely irrefutable.

It may be objected by an acute political economist that the money thus saved would not be put in the French woollen stocking. It would be put in the banks, and the banks would loan it to manufacturers, and so, since the money is in circulation, nothing is really altered. The fallacy of this objection is that the manufacturer depends on the consumer, and if the consumer will not consume it is useless for the manufacturer to manufacture. The manufacturer always wants to have his market assured in advance.

America has altered this way of thinking. Reckless improvident spending should be advocated by nobody —it will not be advocated by me. But deliberate stinting should not be advocated. The American has learned to spend freely. If there are articles which add to the comforts of life, which do away with senseless drudgery, which bring amenities, he will have them if he can

afford them. Since his earning capacity is fairly well assured, he does afford them. The result is that to supply his wants there must be intense production. The greater the production, the cheaper the article. The cheaper the article, the greater the number of customers. The greater the number of customers, the more intense the production. And so on, in an endless round, which increases employment, increases production, increases consumption, and does not—as is too often the case in Europe—decrease wages. For the producer realises that his workmen are consumers, and the higher their wages the more they can consume, and therefore, the more the producer can produce.

These are simple economic verities, and it needs no prophet to enunciate them. I do no more than repeat the economic philosophy which I have heard from many Americans and which has already been written in innumerable articles and books. (The book of Garet Garrett I have already recommended.) Simple as these verities are, they have not been understood in any other country than the United States. In the United States they are adopted, consciously or unconsciously, by the entire population. That is why America is prosperous. There are other factors, but this is the factor that stands out most conspicuously. Prosperity is not saving and deprivation. Prosperity is spending and enjoying.

There are other ideals of life. The ancient philos-

ophers taught us that a man's riches consist not in the abundance of his possessions but in the fewness of his wants. I think of Thoreau in the woods of Concord, by Walden Pond, living near to nature on the scanty sums that he earned for a few weeks' work in the town. His life was rich as the lives of poets and thinkers who have existed in poverty are always rich. But a society composed of Thoreaus would be a very different society from that of England, France, Germany, and the United States. Since we cannot all be Thoreaus, since society is what it is, since the drone, however admirable he may be as a person, would in large numbers make life in the hive impossible, the American idea is, in political economy, better than the idea that lingers but is not fulfilled elsewhere.

One of the characteristics then of American life—a characteristic which goes far to account for all the rest—is the lack of fear in spending. Spending is not a painful operation. It is not an act which requires long deliberation. I refer to spending on useful objects—on what might be called productive spending. Deeply ingrained in the American mentality is the belief that it is by venturing to spend money that one can make money. It may be that the American is often wrong in his choice of the objects on which he spends money. It may be that an artificial demand for foolish things can by lavish advertising easily be created. It may be

that poor ideals are often set up. But when all reservations are made, it remains true, that for the first time in modern history, a whole people, and not merely a privileged class, is prosperous in the sense of enjoying the commodities and even the superfluities of life.

This is the lesson in political economy that I learned under the blinding lights of Broadway as I mingled with the masses who listened approvingly and not impatiently to records of public expenditure.

CHAPTER EIGHT

IN PRAISE OF TRAINS

COMING back from the West on a beautiful day of November, when the air was balmy, and the sun shone on the great spaces as it shines in June, I sat on the look-out car at the rear of the train. I sat there throughout a long afternoon, enjoying the Indian summer, glad to be out of doors in the sunshine—carried swiftly through space in the sunshine.

On this uncovered car, my eyes fixed on the incredibly remote, and increasingly remote, line of horizon, I thought of many things, but chiefly did I think of the excellencies of the American train. The rails widened at my feet and immediately narrowed, and continually narrowed, and I could almost see the point, far, far off, where they, after running towards each other for many miles, at last met where the earth and sky met. These straight steel lines were ruled across the plains. The plains seemed endless, for we were in the Middle West, and the rails seemed endless. Somewhere or other they curve; but one was not conscious of curves—one was only conscious of apparently interminable

bands of steel aimed like an arrow at the heart of the westering sun.

So one can travel for days and nights in the United States. I have myself travelled over a distance that I compute to be between four and five thousand miles; not always over plains, for there is variety in the landscape, though there is, in the country through which I was travelling on this summer-like afternoon of November, nothing but a monotonous extent of flat fields. I have spent whole days in trains, and I have gone to my bed in trains; and although I am not, as travellers in America are counted, an exceptional traveller, yet I am now sufficiently seasoned to write of the American train.

It is the best in the world. That assertion I make without the smallest hesitancy. The best English trains are good, remarkably good, comfortable and swift. The French are like the curate's egg, good only in parts; the German do not impress me overfavorably. In Central Europe they are sometimes positively bad. Italy boasts that the Duce has improved the trains. In Spain I travelled on the main lines and they were excellent, but it is difficult to go from some places to other places, and going into Spain from France the gauge changes, and one is obliged to change trains. Of course the trains de luxe on the great international services

are brought to a high standard. But nowhere have I been so happy in trains as in the United States.

It is necessary that it should be so. Towns are often so far apart that it would be intolerable to have to travel in discomfort. From Seattle to Washington is, I suppose, a four days' journey; the lady whom I met on a visit to her daughter had already been in the train three days, and she makes this trip several times a year. Lecturers with whom I have talked have given me a vague notion that for months they only get out of the train to lecture; they arrive at the appointed town, are whisked to a public hall, and are then whisked back to the train. Perhaps they—or I—exaggerate; but at least it is something like that. So it is necessary, if only for the sake of the lecturers, who at any given moment constitute a considerable proportion of the population of the United States, that the trains should be commodious and smooth-running and filled with the conveniences of life.

They are. But chiefly, as I looked out from the observation car in the rear of the train, was I thinking of the fine custom of giving names to the trains; of furnishing them with a personality.

There are many trains with names in Europe too, but generally a train is just a train—an anonymous mass of steel and wood. One is scarcely encouraged to think of a train as one thinks of a ship. The veriest little fishing

smack, the humblest coaster, has a name, a name that one remembers, a name that fits the vessel, big or little. Ships are humanised. A friend of mine had a boat for sixty years, and he sailed it in all seas, and when paint and patches would no longer hold it together he wrote the most beautiful elegy, suffused with the emotion of many memories, on its passing. It was a living thing to him. When he spoke of it he did not say "my boat," or if he did it was as if he said, speaking to a stranger before whom one does not mention family names, "my daughter." To his familiars he said "my Nona." And this is the way of all seafaring men. A ship is not just a vehicle of transportation. It is a friend. One is proud of Nona's accomplishments, one boasts of Nona's skill and trustworthiness in the mad races and the lifting waters. Mentally at least one pats and soothes and strokes Nona. For Nona—all the Nonas of the world —is a sentient being.

Why should it not be so with trains? In America I had the sentiment that a train is treated with the same loving care as a ship, that it is something of which the railroad company is proud, to which the drivers and conductors are genuinely attached, and to which passengers are drawn not by a mere consultation of time-tables—such and such a train starts at such and such a time and arrives so many hours later, and that

is all—but by the identity of the train. And there can be no identity without a name.

One knows, for example, the Wolverine run by the Michigan Central and the New York Central from Chicago to Boston, as one knows, say, the Ile-de-France. So on the Baltimore and Ohio line from Washington to the great city of the Middle West, one learns the characteristics of the Capitol, as one learns the characteristics of, say, the Leviathan. The peculiarities of the Owl, which took me to New York, distinguished it from the Federal Express, which took me to Boston. There are people who have some kind of affection for the Merchants Limited, which habitually takes them from Boston to New York; and for my part I think I would always choose the Senator, when travelling from Boston to Washington. But these are names somewhat arbitrarily selected. There are scores of others which have become personalities to those who journey from the Eastern to the Western coast, from Canada to Mexico.

The trains do not appear to be a concatenation of interchangeable parts, though doubtless, like a newspaper, they can be made up of fresh material without losing their individuality. There are indescribable differences in the trains. The wagons seem to be much longer than European wagons and somehow more spacious. They are solidly constructed; they hold the rails.

Those long Pullmans with their comfortable armchairs are surely better than a series of compartments. As a rule the dining-room service is excellent, and for anything between a dollar and a quarter and two dollars one can have an interesting meal served as courteously as in the best restaurants. There is the Club Car, with its magazines and writing tables and soft drinks—a pleasant change from one's allotted place on a long journey. There is also the Observation Car, a portion of which is open. These are capital innovations for the European.

They tell me that the American smokes more than the European. About that I do not know. But what I do know is that one is not perpetually assailed by the odour of tobacco. I was almost startled to observe that nobody smoked in the Pullmans, and nobody smoked in the dining-car. These were common rooms, in which might be found people who detested the cigarette, the cigar, and the pipe. The smoker is not, however, deprived of his pleasure on a long journey. Only, instead of smoking everywhere, as he does on most of the European trains, he retires to the upholstered toilet room that is built into each wagon, or to the Club Car where he can spend as much time as he pleases.

I confess I was a little disconcerted at first on the night trains at the idea of undressing in public, or of performing gymnastic feats in shuffling out of my

clothes behind the green curtain of my berth; but I soon got used to this example of American gregariousness, and there was in it nothing inconvenient. By way of compensation, if compensation be needed, the beds are much larger and far cosier than those on European trains, and one can really get a refreshing night's sleep. And there are, if one wants them, the separate little rooms.

The negro porter in charge of each coach is really a polite and attentive servant. He will do anything you wish; one of them proved to be a good locksmith when my valise refused to allow me to open it.

It was strange to me that trains should run through the streets of busy towns without barriers to the railroad track. Bells would start ringing to announce the arrival of the express; and with extraordinary discipline the traffic stopped on either side of the road, and streamed across the rails as soon as the train had passed. I suppose the system works well enough, but it struck for me a note of primitiveness. Mostly in Europe the railway is carefully screened off, and where level crossings exist—though they are condemned—there are barriers which are manipulated by special watchmen.

In Europe one climbs in and out of trains by absolutely perpendicular steps, barking one's shins, having to cling tightly to a dirty brass rail. In America the platform opens and discloses four or five easy steps.

This is, though simple, a genuine improvement. And then the redcaps—the negro porters with red leather casquettes—rush forward and take one's baggage. . . .

Altogether railway travelling in the United States is better than railway travelling anywhere else.

CHAPTER NINE

PROGRESS OF AVIATION

An enormous but clean station. No crowds. As passengers arrive they enter the huge central hall, in which are shops of all kinds. They are conducted by the redcaps to a gateway; there the train they are to take is waiting. Or they are shown to an elevator which descends to the platform under the ground. There is no bustle, no clangour, no dirt. Everybody moves quietly, surely, pleasantly.

But what I am especially interested in is the giant aeroplane of steel which is suspended from the roof. I am invited to inspect it. One plane is very like another, but this plane is beautifully furnished, with its shaded lamps, its rugs, its panels, its sliding windows; it has a kitchenette; there is plenty of space between the chairs; the pilots are provided with steering wheels, and there is no end of dials and buttons and switches.

It was a transcontinental aeroplane. Certainly it appeared remarkably stout, and gave a feeling of security. The United States can now be crossed in two days by a combination of railroad and airway travelling.

That America should have made great strides in the development and utilisation of the aeroplane did not surprise me. Was I not in the land of Lindbergh? Had I not heard every morning, as I sat in my Boston office, the aeroplane which flies daily to New York humming overhead? But what was astonishing was to find an aeroplane exhibited under the high vaults of one of New York's central railway stations where it must be seen by hundreds of thousands of railway passengers.

What was the meaning of this? Are the railway directors so altruistic that they wish to encourage the new means of locomotion to their own detriment? If I were a substantial shareholder I should be inclined to get up in the shareholders' meeting and ask pertinent questions. Are not the train and the aeroplane rivals? Has not the train already suffered sufficiently from the motor-car? Are not the railway companies protesting against the extension of waterways, especially in the region of the Mississippi? Then why give this free publicity to another competitor?

My companion explained. "The railways were rather badly hit by the growth of the motor-coach which they had ignored. They do not intend to ignore the aeroplane. They wish to effect a co-operation of train and plane."

"The motor-coaches?" I questioned.

"Yes," he replied. "These road buses are a convenient method of transport, especially for those who do not

mind taking more time provided they are asked to pay less."

"Then the motor-coaches," I said, "are the poor man's vehicle. I had often wondered why I never encountered poor people on the trains. In Europe there are three classes, and the first-class carriages in the trains usually cost about twice as much as the third class, and are far more comfortable. But America, it seems, has no classes. Yet it is hard to believe that the millionaire and the city clerk travel together in precisely the same way."

"There are no poor in America," said my companion gravely. I suppose I must have lifted incredulous eyebrows, for he immediately corrected himself: "Of course there is a certain amount of poverty, but I mean that most people who have occasion to travel can manage to raise the necessary sum of money to travel in comfort. There is on the trains no obvious segregation of classes as in Europe, but there are trains in which there are what are called day-coaches. And then the millionaire can, if he wishes, secure privacy by taking a section. In point of fact he usually prefers to travel like everybody else."

"And the motor-coaches?" I asked.

"The motor-coaches have become very popular. They are a real rival to the trains. You can cover immense distances in them. They are well-appointed and smooth

running. But they have their limitations. There is a lack of space. You must sit in your seat practically immobile for hour after hour. The speed over the roads is naturally very much below the speed of the trains. But, on the other hand, the fare is much lower. Now when the motor-coaches began to operate the railway corporations refused to take them seriously. They were wrong. The motor-coach has become exceedingly popular. It plies in all directions and over all distances. Road traction too . . ."

"But this takes us far away from the aeroplane hanging in the station hall," I reminded my interlocutor.

"Not so far away," he replied. "My point is that the railroad directors, remembering their mistake, appear inclined to work in conjunction with the aeroplane directors. They have become alive to the possibilities of progress. In my opinion the chief utility of the aeroplane is to shorten distances, to bring nearer the towns which are now separated from each other by days of travelling. I do not say that the aeroplane will not be adopted between towns which are, say, five train hours apart; but it will be particularly adopted between towns which are nearly five train days apart. If the five days can be cut to two . . ."

"Then the railroad directors are preparing to surrender without a struggle?"

"Not at all; there can be no question of their sur-

render. The train will always have its place in the scheme of locomotion. But some of the railroad corporations are sufficiently sensible to realise that their business is not to run trains for the sake of running trains. Their business is to serve the public in the most efficient way. Now they have worked out a plan by which the continent can be crossed in forty-eight hours by a combination of plane and train. It is far better, from their point of view, that, without abandoning the train, they should add the plane to their resources. Few people would wish to remain continuously in the air from coast to coast. But many people would like to fly a good part of the day, and so save time; and to sleep in the train at night, and so be comfortable; and then to fly again. I believe that at present the actual ratio of plane and train distances from coast to coast is about two to one. So the plane comes into its own and the train loses no more than is inevitable; and the two are working in conjunction."

"Will such an arrangement be generalised?" I asked.

"That is for the future to decide. The generalisation of such a practice will not be immediate, but since the way has been pointed out, apparently with success, it will be followed. There is a certain elasticity and adaptability to circumstances in the American business mentality. The railway system has been perfected, but wherever it is shown that it can be superseded, then

railwaymen themselves may help to supersede it. The problem is a practical one, but it may be taken for granted that the business conception will not be to defend jealously one method of locomotion against another; the business conception will be to move as occasion warrants. It will not be a case of train versus plane, but plane plus train. The transition period has already begun and it has begun auspiciously."

There can be no doubt that aviation in America has since the war made the most impressive advance. There are lines operating from many points, and the whole of the United States is covered by a network of regular air services. This will undoubtedly help to bring the various states, some of them separated from each other not only by space but by divergencies of character, of thought, of interests, much more into harmony than they have ever been before. San Francisco may well become, in a more vital sense than when the phrase was first uttered, a suburb of the Eastern towns—or perhaps I should say that the Eastern towns will become suburbs of San Francisco. Santa-Fé and Detroit will not feel themselves so alien. Arkansas and Pennsylvania will not regard each other with a sort of hostility; and perhaps Senator Walsh of Montana and Mr. Grundy of Pittsburgh will be reconciled. . . .

There is also the international aspect of aviation. Somewhere I have read that the United States is already

in communication by aeroplane services with no fewer than twenty-two countries. I should be hard put to it to enumerate even ten out of the twenty-two countries; but I do not doubt that the statement is correct. I am ready to assume that there exist twenty-two countries within flying distance of the United States; and if it be so, pan-Americanism enters on a new phase.

CHAPTER TEN

BOSTON
RIVER, PARKS AND SQUIRRELS

BOSTON presented itself to me as a city of rivers and parks. I am well aware that this is an extremely inadequate description of it; I too have walked in the crooked streets and the narrow alleys of the old part of Boston, and have been delighted by the European irregularity of this district; I too have gone to eat fish food at the end of the wharf; I have been here and there where there was neither park nor river. Yet impressions, even though they cannot be sustained by reasoned investigation, count for something; and so to me Boston will remain a city of parks and rivers.

It is probably the same river that I was constantly seeing. They tell me that the Charles River is ubiquitous, and it certainly knows how to put itself in evidence. It is one of the most conspicuous of all rivers. By the generosity of a friend I was accorded the use of a house which stands on the river, and from my windows I looked across the broad expanse of water at the interesting skyline of Cambridge. In the daytime there was a green strip of park and a sunlit stream

and a long bank of whiteish buildings; and after dark there was a bank of coloured lights reflected as in a mirror.

One day we got into a motor-car by Huntington Avenue, turned immediately into green spaces, and left the town behind on our way to Sudbury. There were plenty of houses along the earlier part of the route, but nowhere did grass and trees fail us. Perhaps that is partly the reason why parks bulk so largely in my recollections of Boston. We were soon out of Boston, speeding along the most delicious country lanes; the gorgeous hues of the autumnal woods, red and gold and copper, richer than any other woods I have seen in or out of America, were not Boston; yet they blend with my picture of Boston—a city enshrined in the Massachusetts woods.

A few minutes from where I lived was the public garden. There I loved to linger. It is a real garden—with plenty of flower-beds, which are, I judge, rather rare in the United States. With its pond on which float boats and swans, its fountains, its statues, its monuments, its shrubs and trees, and its fine alleys, it is a graceful reposeful spot. And yet it is made entirely of filled-in land, and it marked the beginning of the Back Bay district.

From it stretches the splendid Commonwealth Avenue, with its system of parkways which runs for miles,

Photograph by Underwood & Underwood

CHARLES RIVER, BETWEEN BOSTON AND CAMBRIDGE

and its beautiful residences. Then there are the Fens, of streams and ponds and drives and residences which look like the abodes of prosperity. And there is River Way which bounds Brookline, and Leverett Park, and Jamaica Park, with well over a hundred acres around the pond on which are pleasure boats. And there is the natural Franklin Park, five times as big, with its Aviary and its Deer Enclosure; and the great Arnold Arboretum given up to miles on miles of trees brought from every part of the world—thousands of varieties—and rhododendrons, laurel, and lilac shrubbery. And I could count at least half a dozen more extensive parks, to say nothing of the Marine Park with its pier thrust out into the Bay, and the Metropolitan Park System whose miles of sea shore and river banks belong generally to nearly twoscore New England towns, and the Blue Hills Reservation, thousands of acres in extent, from whence a complete view of Boston Harbour can be had; and, as one goes further and further from Boston, to such points as Revere Beach, one is continually amid beautiful woods, bowling along admirable drives. This is not Boston, it will again be remarked. But to me it is all part of the Boston scene.

I have left to the last Boston Common. It is not the most beautiful, but it is the most memorable of the New England parks. It is as old as Boston. From the beginning it was a training field, and still is—at any

rate there is a parade of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company every year on the Common. There I listened to the preachers preaching as fervently as ever, and groups of men would fall into animated public discussions. There by the inevitable waterside (for Boston must have water everywhere, and where it is not by nature it is by art) sat young men and women dreaming love's young dream, and students pulled books from their pockets and read under the ancient trees. For my part, I fed the squirrels.

I had not been in Boston a day before I had made friends with the squirrels. It was, I think, on Tremont Street that I saw an old woman whose ostensible occupation was selling newspapers, but whose real occupation was tending the squirrels. The grey beasts, coming from behind rusty railings, perched on her shoulders and ran along her arms, their tails spread like banners. Such cheerful jolly little creatures they were! They were full of fun and seemed to me to delight in pulling her hair and pinching her cheeks. I spoke to her, and she did not even think of trying to sell me a newspaper. It was of her squirrels that she babbled. It was not easy to catch precisely what she said; I did not understand who had brought the squirrels to Boston and put them under the protection of the public. But of her gratitude towards him I was left in no doubt.

"He will be remembered as long as Boston lasts,"

she babbled. "It was a fine thing he did and no mistake. . . . If anybody harmed a squirrel—well, the whole city would rise against him. They know it, the little dears." And by way of approval, a squirrel rubbed its nose against her cheek and then ran skittishly off.

This love of animals is not peculiarly Bostonian; it is a national trait, as is exemplified in Yellowstone Park and scores of similar places, bird and beast reservations, and natural parks. But if, as the critics of Boston allege, Boston has grave faults, they shall all be forgiven for the sake of the squirrels. Thereafter I never went abroad in Boston without a pocketful of nuts. My sartorial reputation, I have no doubt, suffered, but the squirrels came with hands outstretched, and, cocking saucy eyes at me, they sat on the wooden benches of the Common contentedly cracking and eating their nuts. When they whisked off, in a sudden flurry of tail, it was not because they were frightened, but because they found me less interesting than the wind in the grass, and wished to gambol with the shadows of the leaves.

The charming red brick houses of Boston by the sides of the red paved roads are interspersed with giant specimens of more modern architecture; magnificent hotels, immense office buildings, stately museums and public libraries, city hall and great gathering places, handsome churches, including the impressive Mother

Church of Christian Science—a landmark and a symbol—and many colleges and schools. Sedate and rich as Boston is, not only on Beacon Hill but in many other parts of the city, and in the adjacent townships such as Brookline, one thinks irresistibly of the historic Boston—the historic Boston that still, braving the eager improver and exploiter of city land, veritably exists. The old houses that have figured in the making of America are preserved and there are tablets in unexpected places. It would be wrong to destroy them. Boston, in its feeling for tradition, reminds me more of Paris than of any other city—Paris which, too, although entirely transformed under the Second Empire and the Third Republic, nevertheless contrives to keep everything that is enriched by worthy associations.

What matter though profits are not made and taxes are lost? The Old State House and that on Beacon Hill, by Bulfinch, built in 1795, Faneuil Hall, Capen House where the *Massachusetts Spy* was published, Marshall House with the Boston Stone nearby, Paul Revere House, the site of the famous "tea party," now solid ground, and of Benjamin Franklin's birthplace—these are only a few of the places where memories are evoked. And if one goes farther afield, as I did, to Salem, to Concord, to Sudbury, one is reminded of the New England writers, of Hawthorne, of Emerson, of Longfellow, of Thoreau—writers whom it is the fash-

Photograph by Underwood & Underwood

THE STATE HOUSE, BOSTON
Built 1795. Designed by Bulfinch

ion to belittle in an age when the possession of a typewriter is a proof of talent, but who gave America its literature, its culture, its philosophy that has still validity.

I have shopped on Boylston Street, looked over the Charles River, seen the Beacon Monument; but what I liked best in Boston was to sit on the Common with the little grey squirrels clambering over my knees, and mockingly showing a flashing tail as they darted into the branches overhead.

CHAPTER ELEVEN

IN THE UNIVERSITIES

If Harvard University, whose buildings are partly in Boston and partly in Cambridge, is the oldest institution of its kind in the United States, being founded in 1636, it partakes in appearance of the newness of the characteristic American constructions. In its enterprise it is equally of the new American epoch. That is as it should be. It is not for colleges to stagnate, to live in the past, and train the youth of our day to live in an age other than their own.

It may be that in some of the American universities the reaction against traditionalism has been carried too far; for if we are not to live in the past we nevertheless should have our roots in the past. I have been privileged to meet men from many of the leading American universities, and I believe that they are, despite the exigencies of the Twentieth Century, just as deeply desirous for the spread of true culture as the men of, say, Oxford and Cambridge, though their methods may differ. They are worthy descendants of the Pilgrim Fathers, who, as a tablet on one of the Harvard gateways reminds

us, were proud because "after God had carried us safe to New England, and we had builded our houses, provided necessaries for our livelihood, reared convenient places for God's worship, and settled the civil government, one of the next things we longed for and looked after was to advance learning and perpetuate it to posterity."

I never think of education without recalling some of the wise observations of William James. Education he called the organisation of acquired habits of conduct and tendencies to behaviour. And so the rôle of the teacher is to help the pupil to acquire capacities for behaviour—emotional, social, bodily, vocal, technical, or whatnot. Not merely technical be it noted. But, be it also noted, the technical is by no means excluded.

When I hear, as I often do, diatribes against American education on the ground that it is too technical—avocational rather than cultural—I wish the critic could have sat with me at a certain dinner table in Boston, and at another dinner table in New York, not far from the great University of Columbia. He would have realised that while American youth properly demands practical knowledge to fit it for its calling, it is by no means unmindful of the higher purposes of learning.

There comes back to me a conversation about pedagogy with the President of a university I have not

named, and a number of professors. We had spoken of the fluctuations of physics.

"Physics," said one professor, "is no longer a science —it is an art." And another recounted how he had given up his chair because, trained in the old knowledge he was unable to follow the constant modifications which left him as ignorant of final realities as the youngest of his pupils. He had resigned not in pique, not in protest; but simply because he considered he ought to leave physics to younger and nimbler-minded men.

"How then can anybody pretend to teach physics?" I asked. "It seems to me that the essence of teaching is to be dogmatic; to impress upon the pupil the soundness of one's own knowledge. Now if one is not conscious of the truth of what one teaches, one's authority must be diminished. What influence can one have over youth? If one merely presents youth with hypotheses, and acknowledges that what is accepted today will be rejected tomorrow, as what was accepted yesterday is already rejected, then why should the pupil trouble to learn?"

This objection to teaching "sciences" which are in a state of flux is obvious enough. But, one and all, the professors declared that there was no need to be dogmatic to hold their authority over the more intelligent pupils. They assured me that while they taught facts

as fixed to the less advanced men, they were able to arouse far more interest in the more advanced men, by admitting the fluidity of our notions in the higher branches of physics. They became, as it were, merely leaders in a debating class. They expounded the present state of our knowledge and confessed its fragility. They stirred the intellects of the pupils, and endeavoured with them to arrive at provisional solutions of the great problems.

This testimony was so unanimous and emphatic—and has since been corroborated in so many ways—that I cannot doubt the keenness of American youth in purely intellectual pursuits. Perhaps I should say of a minority of American youth; but that minority is not exceeded in any other country with which I am acquainted. Each country has its own ideals; Germany aims at specialised scholarship; England aims at the production of static types of character; America aims at the promotion of efficiency but it does not neglect the finer faculties. I read in a book by an American that American education reflects the national ideal of success. If this phrase is taken in the usual unpleasant sense, it is misleading. Of course American youth dreams of success, but, whatever might have been the case years ago, American youth is not exclusively bent on success; it is not prepared to sacrifice culture to success.

Indeed I am convinced that nowhere is there such a strong demand for education in the fullest meaning of the word. Somebody took me out to see the little schoolhouse which was attended by that Mary whose lamb insisted on following her to the classroom. Preserved by the generosity of Mr. Ford, it is an amusing and quaint survival of the days when a modicum of the three R's was held to be adequate. Today even the elementary schools supply knowledge in a variety and abundance that could not have been foreseen. And what a contrast the little school furnishes with the richly endowed universities! Some of them have at their disposal scores of millions of dollars; and there are, I believe, well over a thousand institutions of higher education in the United States. There is an unprecedented thirst for knowledge; and statistics show that the proportion of students to the population is several times greater than it is anywhere in Europe.

It would be foolish to generalise about the nature of the studies for they differ greatly in the different universities. To point invidiously to the setback of classical learning, of the "humanities," as is often done, is to ignore precisely the same setback in the older seats of learning. It is so even in France, where it is complained that much that is taught has no utility, and where more "modern" studies are being taken up by the new generation. That is the general tendency of the

day. It must be so. It may be deplored but it cannot be altered. The American universities frankly recognise the need for instruction in subjects which have not yet been introduced into European universities, such as management and salesmanship. But that does not in the least imply that other subjects, which are generally regarded as part of a liberal education, are neglected. If all the utilitarian subjects were suppressed, if all the technical institutions were taken away (though why they should be I confess I do not know, for they flourish exceedingly in the European as well as the American soil) the United States would still show more students engaged in purely cultural education than any other country in the world.

American youth is eager and strenuous. It believes in knowledge. It goes to college in unprecedented numbers. It does not go because it is sent by rich fathers. It goes of its own volition. If proof were needed it could be found in the figures which have been issued from Yale. Last year one-third of the Yale students worked their way through college. They had no paternal endowment. They had to undertake manual and even menial labour while they studied. When this phenomenon was seen in France after the financial upheavals which followed the war, and was also seen in other countries, it was deservedly extolled. But the phenomenon is common enough in American universities. It is

usual, since thirty-three per cent of the students are earning. Some of them work only during the summer vacation, but the majority work all the year round. An admirable idea at Yale is to employ students to wait on other students at table, and to take their payment in the shape of board. Does the waiter-student lose caste? Not at all. He is respected by his comrades. There are not two ways of obtaining knowledge and it is the obtaining of knowledge which alone counts.

CHAPTER TWELVE

BUSINESS AS A PROFESSION

AN IMPORTANT point to note, if one would compare American and European university ideals, is this: in America, business has been elevated to the rank of a profession. It is no longer true that the great English universities are engaged exclusively in turning out gentlemen of a certain pattern; even they must come into something like step with the times; and the newer British universities are openly and unashamedly utilitarian.

There is no class in England, however exalted it imagines itself to be, which despises business, as it would have despised business a generation ago. The Prince of Wales addresses sensible observations to British business men. Men who have sat on the Woolsack calmly step down into the arena of business. The highest Ministers who, a decade ago, would have kept clear of business entanglements, when they are obliged to resign from the service of the country, immediately enter the service of a business corporation. Perhaps it was Lloyd George who started the movement when,

during the war, he offered posts in his Cabinet to business men. Henceforth there was no dividing line between the ruling classes and the business classes.

So we must not exaggerate when we look at America. What is happening there is happening, at least to some extent, in other countries. It is particularly happening in France, where the remnants of the old aristocracy of the Faubourg Saint-Germain have now gone into business, and where technical education is gaining at the expense of cultural education. It is conspicuously so in Germany, where the fallen nobility has gone into trade; and where the former Crown Prince appears pleased to pose as a business man. It is so in Italy where Mussolini is trying to make an up-to-date state.

But although business has been cleared of the stigma which was once—foolishly enough—attached to it, and is now regarded as an honorable calling at which no one need turn up his aristocratic or artistic nose, it is perhaps only in America that it has acquired positive virtues. In America it was, in the earlier cut-throat days of big business, a scoundrelly enough affair, with company fighting company sometimes unscrupulously, with the manufacturer and dealer ranged against the worker and the public. The Sherman Anti-Trust laws sufficiently indicate the alarm that was felt at the growth of big business. It was something to be dreaded, since it thought only of the largest possible profits. What an

extraordinary change has come over the scene! Business is no longer the boss but the servant. It does not seek to dominate. It tries to serve.

This idea of service is one of the most notable things in American life. You will encounter it everywhere. It has swept over the country irresistibly, encountering no obstacles; it is seized upon with fervour by big and little alike. Essentially, America is an extraordinarily moral nation and there is always felt the need of placing individual and corporative activities on an ethical basis. Perhaps that is the present-day manifestation of the old Puritanism, which, after all, is the rock on which America is built.

It would be difficult to determine with any accuracy when this ideal of service in its modern meaning was first held up to itself by America. Certainly it is so held up by everybody today. No observer who has eyes to see and ears to hear can miss this main feature. I noticed it among the telephone operators in New York. I noticed it particularly among the stewards, conductors, and engineers of the trains, who did not perform their jobs perfunctorily, but were proud of their jobs, and glad to have opportunities of service. I noticed it in the hotels and clubs in which I stayed in many parts of the United States. But it was perhaps brought home to me most clearly in Boston, where a very prominent business man asked me to look over

the typewritten pages of a speech which he was to deliver at a New England college.

It was for me a remarkable address. It upheld business not as a harmless necessary occupation but as a glorious opportunity for service; and it exhorted the boys of the college to prepare themselves for business precisely as they would prepare themselves for one of the highest professions. Business, according to this address, is a profession, as much as the Law, the Church, the Army. It is a profession that should be entered not for the sake of gain but for the sake of service. The professional man, on the old definition, may earn large sums of money, but these are incidental to his principal purpose. To take an intimate illustration: I as a writer am paid, and expect to be paid, for my work, but it is absolutely true to say of me, as of all writers great or humble, worthy of the name, that my primary motive in writing is not mercenary. Nor does the artist paint his pictures for profit—though he may, when they are painted, ask good prices for them. It is so with all the professions: one enters them to exercise one's talents, to express oneself, and to serve the public. Now is there any reason why business also should not be a profession?

It is easy to scoff at business ideals; it may be possible to detect a certain amount of humbug in these claims—though one day, if I find the time, I shall write

a defence of humbug, that is, of the attempt to live up to ideals which one cannot reach in reality. It is not hard to satirise some of the practices of, say, the Rotarians. But however far short the American business man may fall of his ideals, it is a great thing that he has ideals. Moreover, they are rationalised ideals. They are founded upon the old precept that honesty pays; and they confer upon the business man a consciousness of his dignity.

If you make or sell pins, for example, you are entitled to think that in making and selling pins you are holding the world together. If you believe that, in any degree, you will not foist bad pins at high prices on the public; you will endeavour to give the public the best pins at the lowest prices, for in so doing you are performing an important function which nobody can fulfill as well as you.

Payment in these conditions is not merely in cash; it is in a gratifying sentiment of self-fulfilment. Cash payment becomes a secondary matter. Yet I would not be misunderstood. I would not pretend, nor would any American business man pretend, that he is out to renounce profits. What he renounces are profits as unearned payments. He regards himself not as an owner, but as a manager; and as such entitled to wages. In point of fact he is convinced that if he supplies goods of poor quality which do not satisfy a public

need, he will neither deserve nor receive payment. He is convinced that if he overcharges the public his greediness will quickly overreach itself. He is convinced that profits squeezed and wrung from the workers will be unprofitable, for his success in selling will ultimately depend on the purchasing power of the public; and the public, in bulk, is the workers. He is convinced that low costs of production are compatible with high salaries; that indeed high salaries are an indispensable condition of low costs of production, since low costs depend on mass production and mass production depends on large purchasing capacity. . . .

In short, if he puts brains into his business, if he organises, if he co-operates with his workmen, if he provides articles of the best quality at the lowest prices, he is serving the public, and in serving the public will rightly be remunerated. In all this a decent man can take pride; he can regard business as a worthy life-work.

It will surely be seen that in such a conception there is something new and noble; and my friend, the prominent business man, was right in laying stress in his address to the boys of the New England college, on the dignity of business, regarded as a profession and as an opportunity for public service.

The highbrows who poke fun at the Rotarians, with their motto of "Service Above Self," are therefore wrong. There may be comic Rotarians, there may be

poor Rotarians, there may be hypocritical Rotarians; but the members of two thousand four hundred clubs in the United States (to say nothing of branches in forty other countries) cannot meet together every week and proclaim that they should be honest and helpful, without being profoundly influenced in their actions by their own slogan. It would be silly to pretend that everybody in the United States puts service first and self last; but it is an unquestionable fact that such is the American ideal.

CHAPTER THIRTEEN

"SHOW YOUR COLOURS!"

WHATSOEVER thy hand findeth to do do it with thy might." This applies also to legs and voices. American strenuousness is perhaps best seen on the grid. And not only on the grid but on the grand stands. I do not know whether players or spectators work the harder. I sat quiet and impartial; but so unceasing was the commotion around me, so deafening, so perturbing, so exciting, that when I slipped away at last, to hurry to my shower-bath, I was as hot and limp and exhausted as if I had myself just won a Marathon race.

There were fifty—or was it sixty?—or was it seventy?—thousand of us who went to the University Stadium that afternoon. Long before the field was reached there were multitudes of parked cars. Their owners had decided to complete the journey on foot. It was far quicker. We stuck to our wheels and they turned at about the same pace as a snail would turn if it were a wheel. But by this time I was used to traffic jams. Besides, had I not attended the gigantic receptions of the President of the French Republic when one's *voiture* takes about an hour to proceed from the

Champs Elysées to the Elysée Palace? So I sat back comfortably and imagined I was going to a Presidential reception.

Even a worm will turn and eventually our wheels turned sufficiently to bring us in sight of the Stadium. Then we walked for what seemed to be several miles, half way round the huge Stadium and up nearly as many stairs as there are in the Eiffel Tower.

"Here," I said to my companion, "is where American civilisation breaks down. There should be swift trolley-cars and elevators to take us to our appointed places. Has nobody ever thought of that?"

We showed our tickets—which I understand were worth their weight in gold—to dozens of policemen and officials, each of whom grabbed off a bit of gold currency for himself.

I have been so flustered in this effort to score a touchdown on my seat that I have forgotten the most striking obstacle to our progress. A hundred voices of peddlers were raised in the reproachful hortatory cry: "Show your colours! Why don't you show your colours?" They had colours to sell and they would hardly let us pass till we had purchased our colours. Their admonitions were not disinterested. One should on such a day sport crimson or (I think) blue neckties, scarves, caps, buttonholes and whatnot. But I did not know who was crimson and who was blue and (to my shame I

confess it) did not care greatly—or indeed at all—whether blue or crimson won.

Perhaps out of all those vociferous thousands and tens of thousands I was the only spectator who could sincerely utter the almost invariably insincere wish, "May the best team win!"—or to be grammatical, as I could afford to be since I was calm, "May the better team win!"

Nevertheless I liked the cry of "Show your colours!" With that text, an incorrigible preacher, I could write a long exhortation that . . .

Fortunately I am saved from the temptation by the necessity of elbowing my way through lines of standing spectators, and of ducking under a wooden barrier, and of dropping like a trained athlete into my seat. I say my seat because that is the conventional expression, but in reality my seat was just as much space on a completely filled bench as I could contrive to ease myself into, between a stout enthusiastic gentleman who was already yelling for Harvard and an almost equally stout and still more enthusiastic lady who was responding for West Point.

What a crowd! The big bowl was chock-a-block. Tier after tier of faces rose from the ground recedingly to an amazing height. They were showing their colours with a vengeance. There was a bright sky which showed up vividly the specks and splashes of scarves and hats

and streamers. There was more colour than you will find in the interminable galleries of the Paris Autumn Salon with its miles of heavily pigmented pictures.

Opposite me was the solid wedge of West Point boys. They were singing uproariously, making (in an old-fashioned phrase) the welkin ring. I suppose there was somewhere below me an equally solid wedge of Harvardians, for when West Point fell on silence (according to the etiquette of the game the two sides must take turn and turn in singing) there rose a mighty Harvardian hymn. It did not testify to a high standard of Harvardian poetry. I do not doubt that Harvard produces good footballers, but where, oh where, are its poets? Here is one song which I have been unable to scan:

> For years past the teams of Crimson
> Have won triumph after triumph from her foe.
> Her glory has ne'er diminished;
> To defeat the men of Crimson cannot go.
> Then victory must now be certain
> For the loyal sons of Harvard know no fear.
> All rise for Harvard and we'll give her cheer
> on cheer.

When it came to giving cheer on cheer my verdict went to Harvard. Such cheering! It was evidence of exceptional lung power and constant practice. I was

not altogether sure whether this was the game—whether the side which shouted the louder was the winner. I am certain that Yale itself could not do better. Without a doubt the Havardians are the champion shouters of the world.

Naturally such shouting requires efficient organisation. On the field below were the cheer-leaders, dressed in white, with enormous megaphones. Having given the signal they flung away the megaphones, waved their arms, rhythmically jumped in the air, looked like Dalcroze dancers. I began to think that this was perhaps the game.

The shout, in time and in tune, went something like this:

Rah-rah-rah, Rah-rah-rah, Rah-rah-rah, Raaaaaaaah, Harvard!

Aeroplanes circled overhead—and not very much overhead at that—bands played, gymnasts walked on the field and cleverly arranged themselves in large letters, representing one or the other team; an amusing mule which served as mascot was ridden up and down; and at last the footballers, each imprisoned in his padded cell, took up their places on the girdiron.

I have seen—and even played—many rigorous kinds of games but there is nothing to compare with a college football match on the American pattern. The

placid Elia records that Mrs. Battle when preparing for a hand of whist called for a clean hearth, a clear fire—"and then the rigours of the game." . . . If such were rigours for Charles Lamb, what word would he apply to the grim battle that these opposing teams waged with each other to advance from white line to white line?

Somewhere in the heart of the scrimmage was the ball which it was hoped would be found one yard, two yards, three yards farther on towards the opponent's goal. Occasionally the ball would flash out to a man on the wing who might have a clear run before he was tackled and brought down in a scrum. These occasions were, however, rare. Usually it was sheer massed force which took it along. No wonder leather helmets were worn and padded protection was necessary. Men were continually being called or carried off the field and substitutes put in their place.

Every push, every thrust, every gain, every loss was duly registered by terrific shouts. Behind me fists were flourished over the wooden barrier. By my side there were heavings and swayings. The pitching and rolling of a ship in stormy weather was as nothing to the pitching and rolling of the crowd. Those formidable fists perilously near my head, those restless bodies moving with the movements of the players, those ear-piercing

cries, those never-ceasing commentaries made me realise that the rigours of the game were not confined to the field. I began to wonder if I had found the secret of America's greatness. The battle of Waterloo, I had always been taught, was won on the playing fields of Eton. Could it be that American supremacy was attained on the playing fields of Harvard—and of Yale? My speculations, I assure you, were not wanting in aptness, ingenuity, and interest, but they did not last long. Who can indulge in speculation at a Harvard-West Point match?

So when West Point had won despite Harvardian lung-power, colours, and white-clad dancing dervishes —or rather when, with five minutes to go, West Point had scored fourteen points against Harvard's thirteen —I proposed to my companion that we should slip out before the crowd broke away from the Stadium. I knew no better. I could not be expected to know better. Nor did my companion—whose university was, I believe, Syracuse—know better. But he at least ought to have known better. He ought to have known that Harvard never gives up. He ought to have known that the films which invariably depict the final decisive touchdown as being won on the stroke of time are not altogether untrue. He did not warn me of Harvard's capacity for coming back. So we went.

And when after a slow journey we were at last safe

from the madding throngs, in quiet Boston, the newspapers were already on the street; and in them we read that, at the last moment, Harvard, in the most magnificent effort of the century, had scored a touchdown which had been converted into a goal!

CHAPTER FOURTEEN

AMERICA'S CULTURAL RENAISSANCE

COUNT KEYSERLING, acknowledging the prodigious growth of the United States, recently declared that America is "without a soul." It is not easy to understand the meaning of such an expression. If it means that America has no common consciousness, it is grotesque. Despite the "sectionalism" which does manifest itself, despite the mixed character of American origins, the Americans are one people. This is the unmistakable conclusion at which the visitor must arrive.

If by "soul" is meant culture, again it may be said emphatically that the United States is extremely interested in literature and the arts, and is producing works about which I should have to make serious reservations, but which nevertheless denote an eagerness for worthwhile self-expression and interpretation of the moving scene, which is exceeded nowhere else.

There seems to have come over the so-called older peoples a sense of weariness. There is—I speak broadly—an apparent apprehension of the futility of art. It lacks vitality. It is practiced in dilettante fashion. Mere

novelty is found amusing—and that is surely a sign of degeneration. It seems all to have been done before and is only to be done again on condition that it is done eccentrically.

My purpose, be it understood, is not to draw perpetual comparisons to the detriment of Europe but I am obliged, if we are to discuss culture, to affirm my conviction that culture does not consist in a tired and nonchalant acceptance of known values or in a perverse twisting of known values. Culture calls for more boldness, more freshness, more true originality. And it is precisely the freshness, the boldness, the originality of American literature which persuade me that America possesses a living culture.

It would take too long to draw up a series of detailed definitions; and generalities are always to some extent misleading. But let me make one sweeping generalisation, against which many examples to the contrary could be produced by both sides: European literature is more polished, more "literary" than American, but its content is not vital; American literature is vital in content but often crude in style.

An assiduous reader of American books, I detect something new, something great, as yet imperfectly shaped, but giving promise of an important epoch. I think, for example, of one author. He brings vision to his work. He approaches his subjects with an almost

childlike directness. There is in him a complete absence of sophistication. He is not, as the French say, "*faisandé*." He has power. He has something to say that has hitherto been left unsaid. He is a portent. And yet I confess that I am shocked by his uncouthness. It may be urged that it does not matter whether I am shocked or not; but I think it does. I am taking myself as the representative of a vast reading public. With all his strength, this author fails in his effects, or at least weakens his effects, because he constantly jars our sensibilities. We are too aware of his want of *métier*. Traditions are not to be lightly discarded. Syntax and the pat word have still their uses. *Naïveté* and irresponsibility bring freshness but they do not bring artistry.

It seems to me, therefore, that American literature is in a transitional stage. It has broken away from the old but it has not yet achieved the new. I am speaking of the truly significant American literature. There is naturally a bulk of more conventional literature on an exceedingly high level, neither better nor worse than European literature; but that, for the moment, I do not consider. What is idiosyncratically American has not yet in my view quite found itself. But it is seeking itself and it will undoubtedly find itself.

Of American music I am less competent to express an opinion, for I have had few opportunities of becoming acquainted with it. But it is certain that fine opera-

houses and concert-halls have been built or are being built in every city. I am disposed to agree with an American friend of mine, who is a comprehending and conscious artist, that in painting there is something veritably stirring, and that American art is no longer content to copy either the outmoded pretty-pretty art of Europe or the shallow revolutionary art of Paris. Perhaps architecture is the most national American art; and it is one that is laden with tremendous possibilities.

I have seen American sculpture that has impressed me immensely—from Saint-Gaudens to Jo Davidson. (The La Follette in the so-called Chamber of Horrors at Washington is startling in its suggestion of life.) There are some ultra-modern cubistic designs in various polished materials that seem to point to the discovery of new æsthetic values.

It has been remarked to me that the finest artistic work in France, in Spain, in England, in Holland, and in Italy, was always done when those countries were at the height of their material prosperity. This undoubted fact is, from the American viewpoint, encouraging. Prosperity produces rich leisured classes from which come patrons; it also produces a sense of power which is favourable to artistic growth; and the very reactions of the artistically inclined from material prosperity are stimulating.

There have been three stages in American life. There was first the pioneering stage which scarcely permitted the cultivation of the arts. There was, second, the period of immense realisations which was positively inimical to the development of the arts. There is, third, an era of civilisation, of ease, of maturity, in which the search for knowledge, the hunger for art, the thirst for culture are being demonstrated in a thousand ways.

American workers in all the arts are still disposed to be critical rather than creative. They are critical of themselves and of their compatriots; critical of their tastes, of their ideals, of their civilisation. But they are beginning to be creative in the profoundest manner—that is to say, they are forgetting to criticise and they are taking the materials of their civilisation which present themselves and moulding them into works of art.

The evidence that there is a Renaissance in America is abundant. What the big public reads is not conclusive but it is indicative. Publishers inform me that never were so many "serious" books sold as today. A book about philosophy will run into hundreds of thousands. Biographies of outstanding men are widely perused. Natural science is a favourite subject of the city clerk. Nor are economics, usually regarded as dismal and abstruse, barred. Nothing that pertains to knowledge is looked upon as too difficult for the masses. Doubtless there is a "popularising" process, but it does not destroy

the virtue of the demand or of the supply. Nor are the discriminatory faculties missing. I have glanced at a number of more imaginative works—autobiographical and fictional—which have attained the rank of best-sellers and I believe that on the whole they deserve their success.

It is the mode to rail at Puritanism, and one cannot praise Puritanism in all its aspects; but the iconoclasts would do well to remember that, quite apart from the overwhelming part played by the Puritanic sense of duty, of stern purpose, of rigid morality, in the making of America, it was Puritanism and the writers of the Puritan school that preserved the love of culture through the rough days of pioneering and through the expansive days of national development. The trouble with idol-breakers is that they seldom possess historical perspective. There are things which we have today outgrown, narrownesses and provincialisms which are as ludicrous as a boy's suit on a young man; but they are not to be despised or mocked at—nor are they by any really cultured person.

Life moves on. It is futile to try to revive the past; it is foolish to endeavour to live in the past. We have our life of today and it is richer, more harmonious, more sensitive than it was. There is an appreciation of beauty shown in our buildings, in our homes, in our dress. Ugliness has become abhorrent to us. Take city-

planning, to which few people gave any thought not many years ago. Now city-planning receives the closest attention. Wherever a new town is built pains are taken to preserve space for parks and gardens and public squares. In the older cities constructions which are dictated by necessity are embellished by good taste. It is so in New York where the overhead roads are not eyesores but have their appropriate beauty. It is certainly so in Chicago—about which I shall have more to say—where one of the handsomest thoroughfares in the world has been made at enormous expense and with incredible labour. Civic pride is itself the forerunner if not the proof of culture.

CHAPTER FIFTEEN

THE NEW INTEREST IN BOOKS

Ludwig Lewisohn in his introduction to a projected history of American Literature (which will I hope one day be published) makes some illuminating remarks. With many of them I disagree for he too seems to minimise historical values. But I unreservedly agree with him when he says that readers seek in books both light and guidance, both precept and example, not after the way of old seekers of exact laws in a fixed and finished world, but as inquirers and fellow workers, as themselves creators, in this vast and intricate business of human experience. It is perhaps only in recent years that this type of reader arose—one to whom literature is no longer an elegant diversion or an illustration of the foreknown, but moral research, a road to salvation, the bread of life.

Inquiry is the keynote of the best and most characteristic American literature as it is of American life. Each generation should look at things with its own eyes. The great poems which we rightly cherish grew in the soil of their time. It is idle to ask for new Iliads, new

Divine Comedies, new Paradise Losts, on the pattern of the old. They were not produced by accidental volition; they mirrored and represented the thought of their day in the glass of genius—and they are not to be repeated.

So Edward Young two hundred years ago proclaimed that the less we copy the renowned ancients the more we shall resemble them. That is obviously true and every writer who has wrought greatly has instinctively felt its truth. Yet I think it has never been realised so deeply as today and I think it has never been realised so deeply as in America. The experience of each new age, says Emerson, requires a new confession. Amazingly some of the American writers, especially those of the Middle West, reject obsolete forms, decline to revamp as more or less efficient craftsmen the literature of the Nineteenth Century. They attempt with greater or less success, but mostly with sincerity, to employ the material around them, not the material which they can extract from books.

Ford Madox Ford in support of his thesis that New York is not America emphatically asserts that nowhere is there so great an intellectual curiosity, so great a desire for knowledge, and so great a determination to put that knowledge in employment, as on the great plains. His conviction is that the artistic output of the United States is the most impressive in the world; its

intellectual population is overwhelmingly greater than that of any other Western nation interested in the arts; its youth has not been decimated in numbers, in vitality, in its interests and in its hold on life. "Europe has lost a generation, America has not; and you cannot miss a beat in the great clock of Time and keep level in the race."

I could call plenty of witnesses to the revival of an American literature. I will refer only to Haldeman-Julius who is critical enough of America but who is swept off his feet by the American Renaissance. In his view the illustrious names in the literature of the United States were, until about fifteen years ago, more or less isolated and seemed like accidents. American literature was for the most part trivial and pointless, utterly uninspired, simply a matter of writing for the popular market. It lacked imagination and reality; it was compounded of stale patterns and echoes. It imitated English literature. "To the beginning of the present century American literature was narrow and commonplace, and repetitive and dull indeed."

One need not endorse these diatribes, but one must endorse his affirmation that literature is emancipated, has an unprecedented breadth. He dwells too complacently on the writers who are merely critical of American institutions and of the American mentality, and ignores the more constructive and creative work. But it

is natural that what should attract attention is the controversial. Already America is passing out of that stage; there is an adjustment, and the pervasive influence of American literature is taking us to a higher level.

Of course I am referring to a minority. But in what country is the majority interested in or capable of understanding the trends of artistic and intellectual activity? Moreover, that minority is uncommonly large. Especially in Boston and in New York was I convinced of the richness of American culture. I was perpetually meeting groups and individuals who were keenly conscious of all that is being said and done in every department of life in the whole world of our day. Nowhere have I encountered such lively intelligence. There is no movement which escapes attention; and I found that somewhat obscure European schools and tendencies with which I thought I was peculiarly acquainted were perfectly well known in the United States.

It is perhaps of exceptional importance to note the efforts made to interest the public at large in the works not only of Americans but of foreign writers. The newspapers hail the appearance of a book as a piece of news. Not every book. That would be impossible. But the selection is extremely good. There appear not merely formal reviews but personal portraits. "The Man Behind The Book" is the title of a volume by

Henry Van Dyke—and although the bulk of his sketches are of "classical" authors there are at least two living writers that he treats in his fascinating style and makes really alive for us. That is the keynote of most of the journalism which occupies itself with literature. There is actually a standing headline in, I think, the Scripps-Howard newspapers: "Behind the Backs of Books and Their Authors."

Certainly a good deal of this personalia is trivial; some of it is no more than publicity matter supplied by the publishers. But there remains, when the insignificant has been pared off, a large quantity of really interesting information regarding books and their authors that is well calculated to promote the sale of worth-while books.

The *Times*, The *World*, The *Herald-Tribune*, the *Evening-Post* and other New York papers devote a considerable amount of space to books—much more than similar newspapers in any other country. The *Boston Transcript* has long been reputed for its literary tone. All the leading newspapers of all the leading towns equally regard books as news. On Sundays some of them have a special supplement of twenty or more pages in which are full-page reviews of the principal publications. The *Saturday Review of Literature*, the *New Republic*, the *Nation*, and many other weeklies are competent and appreciative. With this generous

treatment of books and authors how is it possible for the American public not to be a reading public?

It is. It reads and buys books to an extent undreamed of in some of the older countries. And, be it remarked, it is not interested in American literature alone but in the literature of the world. Most books that have attracted attention in their own country are promptly translated for the American market. Let a foreign author come to the United States to lecture, and he is assured of large audiences which are not afraid of paying good dollars to see and hear him. The process has gone so far that unkind commentators who used to say that the United States was without culture now say that America is culture-crazy.

Even with good guidance how is the ordinary reader to find his way in the huge and growing city of books and magazines? The reviews are helpful for the books; and for the magazines, which are of the highest quality, thought-provoking, and serious, there are now tabloid publications which profess to give the contents of the high-class magazines in condensed form. Some of them, I am told, have a monthly circulation of three or four hundred thousand. I was discussing them with the editor of a great national magazine, and he informed me that he could not decide whether it was wise to test the question of copyright: "On the one hand, they summarise my articles and many people are content

with the summaries. On the other hand, they may send some readers to the original article." He acknowledged that since the tabloid magazines had come to have such a vogue the circulation of his own magazine had increased. Yes, there are ample evidences of a great and growing interest in America in things artistic and intellectual.

CHAPTER SIXTEEN

A CULINARY INTERLUDE

THE best meal that I had in America was in a little inn at Swampscott, Massachusetts. The next best was, strange as it may appear, on the *Molly Stark*. But perhaps you do not know the *Molly Stark*. It is a dining-car. Dining-cars are not reputed for their food. When I think of the unpleasant concoctions that have been presented to me in trains on my travels in Europe I never cease to wonder at the skilful cuisine of the *Molly Stark*. One is always being surprised in the United States, and this paradox of finding exquisite dishes daintily served on a train is for me the ultimate paradox.

I had come from the country which has made of cooking the seventh—or is it the ninth?—art. Nor is the fame of France undeserved, although it has been sadly abused in pretentious post-war restaurants. I had learned as a boy to love the honest food of English homes. I had tasted the specialities of a score of countries. And I had been warned that although American

cooking was plain and simple it had no remarkable qualities.

But I found it excellent. Here on the train was the usual fruit cocktail—a pleasant way of beginning the repast. There were big stuffed olives and chilled celery. There was the clam chowder soup and the panned oysters on toast—all things which are peculiarly American, at any rate in the fashion of their presentation. There was the roast loin of pork with apple-sauce and candied sweet potatoes—also American. There were lettuce and tomato salads. There were hot potato rolls in the Colonial style and hot fig muffins. Above all there was apple-pie. . . . That apple-pie! Baked on the car, it was wonderfully good, and I consider myself a connoisseur of apple-pie. For many weeks I have eaten apple-pie at least once a day and often twice. Apple-pie restores one's confidence in human abilities. If anybody in my presence begins to criticise the United States I reply in two words—Apple-Pie!

Of course there are other pies, pies of blueberries, of cranberries, of huckleberries, of loganberries in deep dishes, and I know not how many luscious berries besides. I think the berries too are an answer to "knockers." Occasionally I have felt this about the melons, but not invariably; sometimes the casabas, and the honeydews, and the persians, and the rest are delicious, but sometimes they are tasteless watery sponges.

No, I cannot say quite as much for the melons as for the berries; yet I would be ungrateful were I to give the impression that I do not appreciate melons.

As for Swampscott, I wonder how far I was prejudiced in favour of the food by all kinds of extraneous circumstances? We had driven out on a fairly sharp evening through many miles of woodland to the North Shore; we had passed through pines and oaks and the Northern hardwoods, beech, birch, maple, hemlock and spruce, deeply and richly colouring the forest land; and after the constantly changing panorama of scenic beauty with its picturesque wooden frame houses, we were sufficiently cold and hungry to take an interest in the log fire before which we sat in deep armchairs while our meal was prepared. It may be that these things gave a relish to the grilled lobsters and to the fried chicken and to the various kinds of bread that presently made their appearance.

In any case, I recalled the memorable meals I have eaten—the *bouillabaisse* at Marseilles, the savories of a little unknown house in a crooked street of the ancient unvisited part of Nice, the creamy fare of Vienna, the roast beef of old England, the hams of Prague and the sausages of Berlin, the done-to-a-turn dishes of a dozen Paris restaurants; and I decided that Swampscott beat them all.

It was in similar circumstances that I visited the

frame house of a friend at Sudbury—a house which, as it stood among the elms, was considered to be badly placed and was therefore bodily removed to another site—and lunched at the Wayside Inn where Longfellow wrote some of his happiest poems and which Mr. Ford preserves as a museum. I make allowances for the delight which I had that day in my company and which I had in the inspection of the rare Colonial furniture and the old prints; yet when I have made all deductions the meal in itself was memorable.

I have tried the food at the Biltmore and the Brevoort and I have equally tried the food in the popular multitudinous Child's and Waldorf's. I have eaten at the Blackstone in Chicago and the Mayflower in Washington and I have eaten at railway buffets and in cafeterias. I have eaten at the Statler in Boston and at the counter of a drug-store—an establishment in which almost everything except drugs is sold. I have eaten in well-managed clubs and in private houses. Everywhere I have found the quality of the food good, though prices and conditions have vastly varied, and I am convinced that in this respect America has nothing with which to reproach itself.

In some things America excels. There is bread. Now bread in most parts of the world just means bread. But in America bread is a generic term. The naturalist would divide it into species and subdivide it into vari-

eties. I have myself counted twenty kinds of bread—that is to say of edibles made of flour. Can I ever forget the corn bread served hot which I enjoyed with my friend P—— in a restaurant whose name I never knew? There are bran muffins and cookies and doughnuts and raisin bread and rye bread and Vienna bread and breads of a kind I cannot describe. And then there are, as breakfast food, baked and shredded and boiled and roasted cereals. And of course there are waffles and griddle-cakes with or without maple syrup. . . . One could write a whole chapter on American breads; and once more I have discovered a reply to criticism of America—or rather to the particular criticism that America is standardised. Standardised?—Well, what of all these breads?

For that matter the charge of standardisation might be refuted by a reference to salads. Only I should not use this argument with any assurance. For although everybody seems to make salads in accordance with individual taste, my taste does not happen to correspond with that of my amiable hostesses. They served me the strangest mixtures of sweet and sour, of piquant and *doux*. It was nothing to have sliced apples amid garden greens plentifully besprinkled with vinegar and seasoned with salt and pepper and mustard. Nuts and celery go well enough together but I confess that orange and cress were too much for me. I am afraid I made

wry faces at grapes and shrimps, but generally I bravely consumed my salad in courtesy to my hostess. . . . If I am to express myself frankly I should also like to say I consider corn off the cob to be infinitely preferable to corn on the cob.

Were I asked to pronounce on the respective merits of American and European oysters I should hesitate. The Blue Point is robust and satisfying, but then the Whitstable Native is succulent and the French Marenne is delicious. Size is not everything even in oysters, and on the whole I would rather be excused from deciding an issue which has perplexed the gourmets of two continents.

But I do not scruple to affirm that the sea-food of the United States is far better than the sea-food which one obtains on the continent of Europe—though for present purposes I do not reckon the British Isles as belonging to the continent of Europe. Did I not take, on more than one occasion, a cab to the end of a wharf which is well outside the city in order to consume a fish dinner—a dark and deserted wharf where the only spot of light came from the upper windows of the solitary restaurant?

Nor is it only on the coast that sea-food is obtainable. The system of transport enables the inland towns to serve fresh sea-food in the humblest restaurants. And in the towns around the great lakes there are many

sorts of freshwater fish which were quite unfamiliar to me.

I must say a good word for the beef hash, at the risk of appearing vulgar; and the Virginia ham and the Maryland chicken and the Mount Vernon turkey are unsurpassed. As for the vegetables, the Lima beans and the string beans and the Boston beans and the sweet potatoes and the parsley potatoes and the baked potatoes, why they are all that could be desired. And the prices compare well with, say, Paris prices. One can actually eat for thirty-five cents, and have a fair meal for a dollar, and a capital meal for two dollars; and certainly one cannot do better than this in Paris.

CHAPTER SEVENTEEN

WASHINGTON
THE QUEEN CITY

WASHINGTON has been called the Queen City of the United States; and apart from its political interest for me I truly found the city of L'Enfant one of the most beautiful in the world. Who can forget that first view of the Capitol, its noble dome standing above the pillared façade, surrounded by terraces and lawns and tall trees? Its makers were not niggardly of space. They planned for it great alleys; and yet, not satisfied, I am told there are to be further clearings which will give it a still more commanding approach. It has at once majesty and grace. Its general design is dignified and its decorations are worthy of the design.

The secret of architectural success as the Old World understands it is not merely in the building but in its elevation and detachment. It is true that the Old World did not always observe this golden rule and that many of its finest buildings are set in cramped and crowded places. Yet the charm of the best of them lies in the appropriateness of their environment. And even the worst of them often gain much from their site. Take

the much criticised Sacré-Cœur of Paris which is, regarded from the purely architectural viewpoint, a monstrosity, but which, set upon its hill overlooking Paris, and visible in the clouds from every part of Paris, becomes a splendid object. Saint Paul's in London, on the contrary, cannot be seen in all its magnificence because one cannot get far enough away from it.

From the Capitol erected on its hill high above the river one looks across the Potomac into the Virginia landscape. All about are well-arranged grounds; and the city itself is clean against the sky and has none of the cribbed and confined aspect of most towns.

You reach the Capitol by gently rising lawns and terraces; it is built of white painted Virginia sandstone and of marble and its scores of columns are monoliths of Maryland marble and sandstone. As I walked up the broad flight of stairs from the Esplanade to the porticoes, I thought I had never seen a more imposing edifice. The great dome above the peristyle of fluted Corinthian columns is more than three hundred feet above the Esplanade. To describe it in detail would be superfluous; suffice it to say that its sculptured groups, some of them colossal, are in keeping with its grandeur. Its paintings are of exceptional historical interest, and if I cannot unreservedly praise the statues in the National Hall, most of which are as lifeless as such statues usually are, there are notable exceptions.

The bronze doors of the Rotunda and of the Hall of Representatives and of the Senate Chamber seem to me superb. The Hall itself is admirable, while the Senate, though smaller, is richly adorned. Into many of the rooms I had occasion to enter, and I found that not only were they sumptuous, but in them all were evidences of the desire to perpetuate the mighty historical moments of American independence and development, and a commendable regard for the men who have helped to make America. There is hardly a phase of American history that goes unrecorded, and everywhere are memorials that should be, and I believe are, an inspiration to those who are today responsible for the destinies of the Republic.

I was convinced of this when one day an ordinary citizen recounted to me in Washington some of his difficulties. "But," he added, "when I was depressed I went to look upon the Lincoln Memorial. My depression vanished. I thought of all he had wrought in the face of apparently hopeless opposition of men and circumstances; and I was comforted. What, I asked, are my own poor troubles to those which Lincoln surmounted by the force and simplicity of his character? So I was enheartened and I went back to my task, so much smaller than his, with the persuasion that it would be accomplished."

Who would not be moved by that splendid edifice

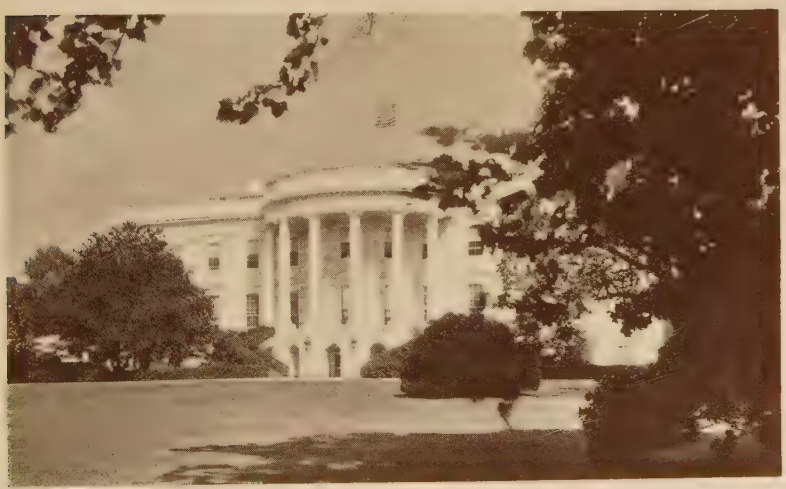
in Potomac Park? Who could look upon the statue of the Lincoln of Gettysburg, simple, severe, yet infinitely tender and serene, without resolving to strive harder in the cause, whatever it may be, to which he has set his hand? Lincoln's great words are inscribed: "With malice toward none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in, to bind up the nation's wounds, to care for him who shall have borne the battle and for his widow and his orphan—to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace among ourselves and with all nations."

And then the incomparable phrases spoken at Gettysburg: "Fourscore and seven years ago our fathers brought forth on this continent a new nation conceived in liberty and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. . . . We here highly resolve . . . that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth."

Nothing is more absurd than the suggestion which one sometimes hears that America has no traditions. America has perhaps finer traditions than any other country, for it is not many hundreds of years that are needed to provide traditions, and certainly America shows an unusual respect for its traditions. From my

Photograph by Underwood & Underwood

LINCOLN MEMORIAL, WASHINGTON



Photograph by Underwood & Underwood

THE WHITE HOUSE, WASHINGTON

office window in Washington I looked upon the monument of the city's eponymous hero. In this I was not specially favoured for the shaft of white marble rising from the Mall is to be seen from almost every point of the capital. It can be seen from the heights of Arlington; it can be seen down the Potomac, from Mount Vernon itself where was the home of Washington—a wooden two-storey house wherein is kept the key of the Bastille sent by La Fayette and three of Washington's swords. The house thus preserved and the obelisk over five hundred feet in height are a testimony to the undying esteem of the American people for the founder of his country—an esteem which is not lessened by would-be detractors.

It would be beyond my scope to describe the Library of Congress in the Renaissance style, or the Treasury, or the State, War, and Navy building on Pennsylvania Avenue, or the Smithsonian Institution and National Museum, or the beautiful home of the Pan-American Union or a dozen more places which no visitor can miss; but of the White House something must indeed be said. Its very simplicity is stately. It dates from the days of Washington himself and John Adams was its first occupant. The White House, though nothing like so imposing as the Capitol, is also planted in the midst of lawns and trees. It is a fitting mansion for the Presi-

dent of a democratic country, reposeful and unpretentious, but nevertheless sumptuously decorated and furnished. The State Parlour which is used for receptions, with its great crystal chandeliers, its mirrors, its white and gold walls and ceilings, is dignified; and other rooms run the gamut of colours—the Blue Room, the Green Room, and the Red Room. There is a fine State Dining-room; and in the room of the President is a massive oaken table made from the timbers of the *Resolute* which went in search of Sir John Franklin, was abandoned, was discovered by a United States whaler, was purchased and sent to England as a gift from the President and people to Queen Victoria, a token of goodwill and friendship; and when the ship was broken up the Queen had this table made, and in her turn sent it to the President of the United States "as a memorial of the courtesy and loving kindness which dictated the offer of the gift of the *Resolute*."

That table is therefore a symbol of the good relations that Great Britain and the United States have long enjoyed. As I looked out on the flower-beds and fountains and sloping lawns on to the Monument and the Potomac and La Fayette Square I could not help but rejoice not only in the symbol but in the reality of those good relations which were recently testified to by the visit which a Prime Minister of England, Ramsay

MacDonald, paid to the President of the United States, Herbert Hoover, in the White House of Washington. Those good relations are necessary not only for the peace of Great Britain and the United States but for the peace of the world; and they must never be broken.

CHAPTER EIGHTEEN

THE AMERICANISM OF MR. HOOVER

A PORTLY frame which made the head seem disproportionately small, a kindly though reserved expression on the round face, an upright carriage—these were the first characteristics which I observed when I met Herbert Hoover, President of the United States. There is in him a curious blend of severity and cordiality. The countenance is as reposeful as a mask, but you are at once aware that there is an unusual eagerness in the eyes. You are being examined, swiftly, keenly, curiously. So at least it was when I was introduced to the man who has passed from a blacksmith's forge to the White House. There was an almost imperceptible second of careful scrutiny. And then suddenly a hearty hand was extended and I felt in the grip something more than the conventional greeting of the wearied handshaker.

For me a handshake may be revelatory. Often, however, in public men it is elusive. There is one President whom I have known well and who has practiced handshaking for many years; it is quite impossible for any-

body to draw the slightest deduction from the deft turn of his wrist which forces your fingers out of his hand before they have really touched it. It is merely a clever trick of escape and is therefore negative. But whether it is because Mr. Hoover has not yet learnt to evade the handshaker or whether it is because of a natural warmth, his handgrasp is positive.

Frigidity has not yet claimed Herbert Hoover for its own. Certainly one feels that he endeavours to maintain an official aloofness, but humanness irresistibly breaks out. I told him that on the night I left Paris for New York I had dined with an old mutual friend who sent by me his best regards. Instantly Mr. Hoover abandoned even the semblance of rigidity. He asked me, his eyes kindling, for news of our friend—referring to him by a diminutive, a nickname by which he is known to his intimates. Then he went on to recall the days when they worked together on the tremendous job of feeding starving European countries. It was evident that in his heart Mr. Hoover is prouder of his performance of this gigantic and humanitarian task than of anything else in a life filled with personal and public triumphs. And that too gave me a key to the man.

I will not flatter myself with the thought that this stirring up of deep memories had any influence on the thoughts of Mr. Hoover; for it is probable that, deep

as these memories are, they are also close to the surface; but certain it is that shortly afterwards he made his remarkable appeal for the immunity of food ships in any subsequent war. Whatever may have started the idea of such a policy, and whatever verdict may be passed on that policy, it is clear that in Mr. Hoover there is a dominant desire to save the world from senseless and useless suffering. It may or it may not be a practical proposition to feed the civilian population; it is difficult to discriminate between the civilian and the soldier, and it may even be argued that the assurance of food supplies might, in certain conditions, encourage belligerency and prolong strife, and ultimately be responsible for more cruelties than would be spared. It is suggested that the humanising of war is not only a delusion but a lure. I will not pronounce in this place on these conflicting views. I am not concerned with the merits of the policy, but with the merits of the man. I find it then illuminating that the same essential thought should have persisted from the days when it was Mr. Hoover's peculiar mission to organise European relief to the days when as President of the United States he demanded of the world, if perchance the world should forget its solemn pledges, a complete abandonment of the dreadful weapon of starvation.

His pioneer and Quaker origins explain the fundamental kindliness of his sentiments. There was doubtless

a roughness in the pioneers—and the ancestors of Mr. Hoover came to America in 1740—but it was a roughness tempered by neighbourliness. They had a hard struggle against nature but not against each other. They survived because they helped each other. The subsequent commercial age in America was fiercely competitive but the co-operative tradition was always ready to manifest itself. Today when industry has found new ideals, and believes not in personal prosperity at the expense of the community, but in communal and national prosperity, the pioneering neighbourliness reasserts itself.

Nowhere in the early days was this sympathy with one's fellows displayed so consistently and strongly as among the Quakers. The Quaker stock has always been distinguished by its quiet sincerity, its pacifism, and its humanitarianism. I have already remarked that the Americans, more than any other people, hand down their traditions. Hoover was brought up in a Quaker community. West Branch, Iowa, was founded by Quakers. It contained a public school. It possessed a literary society—an intellectual forum where debate was encouraged. There was above all for the boy a sunny flower-gladdened cottage—the first home of the future President—in which were a smiling mother, a cheerful father, and three children. The father worked at his forge. . . . The picture is typically American—

the America of yesterday, but also the America, in many parts, of today. It is also typically American that the father, marching with the times, deserted the smithy to sell agricultural machinery.

The son became an engineer, and by sheer industry, perseverance, and talent, succeeded beyond the highest expectations that could have been fondly entertained in the little home. That too is American; for there is only one passport either to riches or to honours in the United States, the passport of personal worth. But Herbert Hoover was not content to make his own fortune; he was always conscious of his duty to his fellows. And by his fellows he did not merely mean the citizens of the United States. He had a wider vision. Abhoring war and all its works, he was compassionate towards the victims of war, and he seized the opportunity which presented itself to alleviate their miseries.

Into the circumstances which determined his rise to power it is not my province to enter; but my impression of him does not belie his reputation. On the contrary it confirms all that has been said of his efficiency—once more American—his horror of wasted effort and incompetency, his directness, his frankness, his concern for moral as well as material progress. I have heard it said that for the first time big business is represented at the White House; and if by that it is meant that a man who has had a vast experience of

affairs will endeavour to run the United States during his term of office like a big business in which all the citizens are shareholders, the remark need not be disputed. But if by the term there is implied a subordination of the moral to the material it is hopelessly wrong.

If I dwell upon the character of Mr. Hoover here it is not merely because I am interested in him as an individual but because I am interested in him as a truly representative figure of the American. There is still, I think, a legend that the American thinks only of material things. The fact is that he cares supremely for moral things. Nowhere is the appeal to idealism listened to so earnestly as in the United States. I was conscious in my conversation with Mr. Hoover of this side of Americanism.

We spoke briefly—and I am betraying no confidence in this record—of his hopes of a naval accord, of disarmament, and of a world finally freed from the fear of war. It would be possible to point to forces in America itself which militate against these hopes, but it remains true that the overwhelming power of public opinion of which Mr. Hoover is an indisputable leader is turned towards the construction of a world which, redeemed and rid of conceptions which have hitherto thwarted its advance, will march forward to the goal of human happiness. There is no incompatibility between

the realist and the idealist. They are expressions which, properly understood, should be synonyms. In Mr. Hoover they are—at least to an uncommon degree. He cannot perhaps quite reconcile himself to obstructionist tactics which denote a lack of understanding; for his experience has been that of a man who plans and executes and it is hard to submit to political delays in execution.

I came away from the White House with the impression that there I had found the real America and in it a real American.

CHAPTER NINETEEN

PICKING 'EM FROM THE FLOOR

WHAT struck me most in Washington was a curious casualness allied to courtesy. It was so in my club where utter strangers spoke to me without ceremony and yet with exquisite politeness. They even addressed me as Doctor. Some title I had to have, and as I suppose my beard gave me an un-Colonel appearance, Doctor it had to be. So the negro porters who philosophically discussed the weather with me, and perpetually exclaimed "You're welcome," deferentially called me Doctor; and the leisurely literary men and the students of public affairs who began conversation about books and politics contrived, as they called me Doctor, to convey to me their willingness to bow to the judgments of such a distinguished person as myself.

I confess that if I was amused ever so slightly I was none the less subtly pleased. The intention was apparent. Their intention was to welcome and to entertain me, and to give me, without elaborate formality, a sense of my importance in their human scheme. If in New York I had failed to find the brutal hustling of

which I had heard too much, if in Boston there was an utter absence of flurry, here in Washington a quiet comradeship and an unhurrying manner were carried to the nth degree.

Thus it was in Georgetown, a rehabilitated quarter, once tumbledown and neglected, and now the home of cultured fashion, where I was invited to elegantly simple or simply elegant family parties, in which travel and diplomacy and books formed the staple talk. There was always somebody with whom perhaps I had hardly exchanged a word to offer to drive me, though my direction was the opposite of his, from the party to my destination. Homeliness and friendliness prevailed. Never did I realise before the relative stiffness of European society. There was no assumption of superiority or fear of inferiority. Everybody in a placid way was natural. One instance of snobbishness I did encounter in references to an absent person, but one only. For the rest it was taken for granted that everybody, absent or present, belonged to the same world. There was no hint of stand-offishness, no suspicion of trying one out. In two minutes I was invariably on the easiest terms with everyone I met. That is a great deal to say of any community and especially of a community with pretensions to rank and intellect—pretensions which are fully justified.

"Culture?" I exclaimed to myself; "why, here is true culture."

It was so in the Senate. There I was astounded. I sat in the galleries, listening to the debates, in which rarely were voices raised, in which everything was conducted as in a well-behaved club—no violent harangues, no callings to order, no bangings on desks, no cat-cries, as I had observed elsewhere—and suddenly my cicerone would take me by the arm and point to a Senator half hidden under the gallery: "We must go and grab him," he said.

"Grab him?" I cried. "But how?"

"We'll just pick him from the floor," he replied.

We went to the elevator: "To the floor!" said my guide.

When we arrived at the floor he would calmly ask the guardian to tell Senator —— that we wanted to see him. The guardian, making no comment, entered the Senate and immediately returned with the Senator. The Senator came forward holding out his hand in effusive greeting. I began to apologise for disturbing him. He looked astonished at my precautions, and my companion, interrupting me, bluntly declared, "This is Huddleston from Europe; he wants to have a talk with you and you must want to have a talk with him."

"Why, of course," said the Senator. "I'm delighted. Let's go somewhere where we can be quiet." And he

led the way to a well-upholstered room and we sank side by side into comfortable chairs.

"Now I'm free for as long as you like," the Senator assured me, "and we'll have a good talk."

It was as though Senators are always available to anyone who chooses to "pick them from the floor." If I had some embarrassment at the unceremoniousness of my intrusion it quickly disappeared; and when I had been helped to pick five or six Senators from the floor I could do as much myself without compunction.

Similarly, when Senator Borah was missing from the floor we went to his office, entered without knocking, and asked if he was there. "He has not been in for some time. I think he must be in the barber's. You'd better look for him there," replied the secretary.

To the barber's we turned our steps. He did not happen to be there, but if he had been I am sure we should have had a friendly conversation while he was being lathered.

"Perhaps he is at lunch," we were informed. So we went to the luncheon room. And there, had circumstances been propitious, we should have sat at his table. It was, in fact, somewhat later that we discovered him, but once unearthed he instantly left his occupations to talk with me. A good talk it was too. I had occasion to see him on several occasions and was greatly impressed by his personality, the alertness of his intelli-

gence, and his encyclopedic knowledge of foreign affairs. Of his general policies I am not sufficiently informed to express an opinion, but of the man—as of the statesman—there can, I think, be but one opinion.

Nor do exalted posts protect their occupants. The Secretary of State was "grabbed" like any ordinary mortal, and far from resenting it he behaved as though he loved being grabbed. Mr. Stimson is a quiet reflective man, happy to listen to anybody who can give him the slightest information on the subjects which come within his purview.

Under-Secretaries, however able, were easy prey not only for those who, like myself, had, or imagined they had, real business with them, but also, I presume, for the curious and perhaps impertinent idler. In New York I had become accustomed to the ways of magnates who, unlike Europeans, neglected to surround themselves with office police, barriers of janitors and chuckers-out. They positively revelled in being accessible. One of them sat in a glass cage with its two doors flung wide open; there was a perpetual coming and going; anybody could penetrate into his sanctum without asking leave. Another at Chicago had his desk with the clerks; he was one of them; no Olympian nonsense for him. It is true that he had a private room, but he was seldom in it. But if this was good enough for bankers and business men, who liked to be in the bustle,

who worked in public, it would not be good enough, I thought, for men engaged on affairs of State.

I was mistaken. They had their offices but these were open to the first-comer. Once an appointment was asked for me; the Under-Secretary, recognised to be one of the most indispensable, busiest, and most important men in Washington, simply replied: "Why an appointment? It may not be convenient for him. His time is limited. Let him come whenever he likes—I shall always be glad to see him."

On another occasion I was indeed asked to wait for a moment, as some papers were being prepared for the President. As I sat with the private secretary there bounced into the office a well-known interviewer; he was a human whirlwind. "Take me right in," he demanded, "I've not a moment to lose." "Just a few minutes, please," begged the secretary. "Impossible! This is the door, isn't it?"—and he dashed in under my astonished nose. I could never have summoned up courage to do that, and I did not know whether I should confound or admire his impudence.

To be sure he was not long; and the Under-Secretary apologised to me, and the interviewer, when I met him a few days later in the Players' Club at New York laughed heartily as he recognised me. "I should not have crashed the gates before you if I had known who you were," he explained; "but I make it a rule not

to wait for my turn. I'd have taken you in with me if I'd known. We'd have gone in together." I am not commenting on his manners, but on the freedom with which dignitaries are approached in Washington. In the National Press Club I saw a newspaper man take the telephone: "Senator ——? Glad I've caught you. You'll save me a trip. Now I want you to tell me . . ." We could not do these things in Europe.

And when I visited the Committee-room at the Capitol, where an inquiry was being held, I was given a seat at the Senators' table, and we all sat together, higgledy-piggledy, Senators, witnesses, spectators, and newspaper men, exchanging observations, cracking jokes, helping each other in our respective jobs.

Yes, Washington is the most casual city I have ever been in, the most cordial, the most courteous; for it must not be supposed that the incidents I have related are examples of rudeness—they are, on the contrary merely examples of good fellowship. In Washington, natives or foreigners, engaged in the same public service, interested in the government of the United States, we are a united family, and our freedom and familiarity are friendly.

CHAPTER TWENTY

CHICAGO
THE WORLD'S NEWEST CITY

THE newest great city in the world is Chicago. It took my breath away. Only a few years ago Michigan Avenue with the stretch of park to the lake could hardly be said to exist. Now this magnificent thoroughfare is the equal of the finest streets. Indeed I do not know to what it should be compared. They call it, in a pardonable pun, like the Boulevard Saint-Michel in Paris, the Boul' Mich'. The Champs Elysées is superb but it is banked in on both sides and does not possess gardens leading to a vast expanse of water. Besides, it is relatively short. The Promenade des Anglais at Nice by the side of the Mediterranean gives a better idea of the Chicagoan avenue, but then it does not possess the sumptuous shops and the huge though elegant buildings of Chicago. Michigan Avenue is surely unique.

How old is Chicago? I constantly asked; and I found that many people were not indisposed to admit that Chicago was really built after the war. According to them Chicago is about ten years old.

There were others who would go back for twenty

years; for, after all, Chicago had a population of over two millions, as compared with its present three millions, in 1910. But they explained that although there may have been a city called Chicago it was not the Chicago they were now showing me. Few buildings are more than twenty years old. Some people would go back to the beginning of the century; since when Chicago has nearly doubled its population.

The older inhabitants had indeed heard of the great fire in 1871 which was caused by Mrs. O'Leary's kicking cow which overturned a lamp. Well, anyhow, the kicking cow and the overturned lamp suggest that there was not much of a city to destroy. The statistics show that there were already three hundred thousand inhabitants—that is to say a tenth of the population of today —but the city structures must have been primitive. The point is, however, that at the end of 1871 practically nothing was left of the earlier Chicago. Three years later Chicago was rebuilt, and the city set out on its real career. By 1893, the year of the World's Fair, well over a million people were living there.

In looking back over the history of Chicago I find some notable dates. Thus the Michigan Southern railway ran its first through train from the East to Chicago in 1852, when the population was 40,000. It was then that the town, which was springing up in the immense plains, became, as it were, accessible to

civilisation. Three years before that the Illinois and Michigan Canal was opened for traffic. In 1846, I read that "there was but one block of paving and that consisted of wooden planks laid slanting to the middle of the road." * In 1843 they began to prohibit pigs from running loose in the Chicago streets. In 1837 the population was 4,170.

In remote records you will find tales of explorers and of Indians but it was not until 1803 that the first Fort Dearborn was built by a United States garrison. It was evacuated and a second fort was built in 1816. In 1831 a post-office was opened and the mail was brought from Detroit twice a week on horseback.

I will not try to determine the precise date at which Chicago may properly be said to have been founded though it is about to celebrate its official centenary, but I am disposed to agree, not with those who would return to Fort Dearborn, or even to the Fire, but with those who say that Chicago, the Chicago, that Chicago which I saw, dates from some year in the Twentieth Century. For it is more than any other city essentially of the Twentieth Century.

Moreover, it is just beginning. It has just become truly conscious of itself and of its potentialities. It is already twenty-six miles long and in places fourteen miles wide and has a frontage on Lake Michigan of

* Rand McNally's Guide.

Photograph by Underwood & Underwood

THE LAKE FRONT, CHICAGO

twenty-two miles; it is ranked as the third largest city in the world. But this is not enough.

Chicago is nothing if it is not ambitious. Chicago is, I repeat, just beginning. Shall we say that the real date of Chicago's birth is 1930?

When one speaks of Chicago as a city one is describing it more truly than one supposes. It is something to be a city. M. Jourdain, in Molière's play, was delighted when he made the startling discovery that he had been talking prose all his life without knowing it. Chicago has discovered that it is a city—and that is a profound revelation. Take New York for example: New York is not a city—it is a gigantic Trust of Towns to which the Sherman Laws might well be applied. With some exaggeration it is often said that there are no New Yorkers in New York, any more than there are Londoners in London or Parisians in Paris. It is really saying the same thing in another way when it is asserted that everybody who has spent two days in New York is a New Yorker. Such superficiality of New Yorkishness hardly makes for civic pride.

Just as you can speak disrespectfully of the Equator without arousing anger so you can speak disrespectfully of New York to the New Yorker—who does not exist or exists only superficially—without arousing more than laughter. But you cannot speak disrespectfully of Chicago—in Chicago. There are veritable Chi-

cagoans. Chicago is peopled by Chicagoans. And this despite the fact that there are hundreds of thousands of Poles and Germans and Russians and Swedes and Irish and Italians; and that English, Canadians, Austrians, Hungarians, Yugo-Slavians, Danes, Norwegians, Lithuanians, and other races are represented in tens of thousands.

In Wacker's "Manual of the Plan of Chicago"—an unusually interesting volume—I find a remarkable exposition of the need of civic interest, and of the means by which Chicago may become the centre of the modern world. Trained and enlightened citizens are required, and as a large proportion of the graduates from Chicago schools remain in the city for their professional or business lives, this Manual has been prepared to instruct them in the possibilities of development.

"Love of country, the feeling which is inherent in every normal boy or girl, is, by development of our civilisation, being given a companion sentiment—devotion and passionate interest in the safety and welfare of our city. This new feeling of community patriotism takes the form of a high and controlling pride in one's native city or in the city one has adopted as home. Modern educators and leaders in public affairs see in this impulse the approach to good government in the cities and the end of evil administration of our communities."

So the children and young people are being taught to take a vivid interest in the history, growth, and future of Chicago. The volume is extremely suggestive, and Charles H. Wacker, who is chiefly responsible for the planning of the new Chicago, deserves to have his name written side by side with that of Baron Haussmann.

It would be wrong for me to suggest that Chicago stands alone in its endeavours to improve and beautify itself. Everywhere you will observe an appreciation of the exceptional opportunities which America possesses in that the city planners are starting without restraint of custom or ancient law; they are starting in what is, in some respects, still a new country; and they have unlimited resources at their disposal.

Paris, despite its antiquity, planned at the right time, and has always had a strong realisation of the desirability of proceeding harmoniously. In Germany city planning has been carefully organised, and particularly in Dusseldorff is there an extraordinary attempt to foster industry combined with the determination to develop harmoniously, so that the thriving city is laid out like a great park. The British are likewise alive to the importance of systematic reconstruction and construction, but in London they would appear to have started late. The plans of Sir Christopher Wren were disregarded, with the result that there is congestion. Nevertheless a good deal has been done to repair the

mistake of permitting the city to grow anyhow, but the difficulties of making London spacious and splendid and orderly are immense.

In the United States Washington furnishes a good example of a city laid out with forethought; perhaps an example that cannot be surpassed. Cleveland too has had regard to its future and the relations of its different parts. Boston again with its system of public parks and its tidal basin stands high in the list of planned cities. Even New York is not a haphazard growth and it has taken land along the Hudson for public purposes. Philadelphia, Minneapolis, Saint Paul, Saint Louis, and, on the Pacific coast, San Francisco, are conspicuous for their efforts to build symmetrically and to provide their cities with open spaces. Yet I think the palm for city planning must go to Chicago.

CHAPTER TWENTY-ONE

GROWTH—THE LAW OF THE MIDDLE WEST

MORE and more is the movement of mankind towards cities. One wonders whether, even now, we are alive to the increasing trend towards immense agglomerations. America must not be represented merely as a series of large cities; I have passed through great and comparatively unpeopled spaces, broken only by little communities here and there, and it may be that America in bulk is neither New York nor Chicago, nor the rest of the cities, but mighty acres of cultivated and uncultivated land sparsely populated. I am not, therefore, misled into thinking that cities alone count. But I do not think it can be disputed that in the coming generations cities will be much larger than they are today.

The case of Chicago appears to be convincing. It behooves municipal administrators and theoretical sociologists to take cognisance of these facts. You may deplore the growth of great unwieldy cities, but you cannot stop it.

Yet the disadvantages of living in big towns are obvi-

ous enough. There is the lack of space and air and sunshine. There are incessant motion, noise, and glare. There is the difficulty of transportation—the incredible time-wasting which results from inadequate facilities of circulation. These are only a few of the principal drawbacks. They are sufficient to indicate, to anybody who chooses to reflect for a moment on social conditions, that it is quite impossible for mankind to permit cities to develop in the old haphazard fashion. They must be planned. They must be made as liveable as possible. In its practical application to these problems —though it has problems peculiarly its own—America is, I am convinced, leading the way.

Where is America? It has become the mode to affirm that America is the Middle West. Of course America cannot be pinned down like a butterfly in that way. Yet as I saw tiny township after tiny township in the Middle West I was tempted to subscribe to this opinion. For if there is one word which expresses America it is the word development.

We ran through interminable plains and came upon a small community. That small community was in process of development. It was only a good sized village but it knew already that it was going to be a city. It knew—and it acted accordingly. It immediately set to work to draw up a scheme. It looked twenty years ahead. It looked fifty years ahead. It built its church,

its school, its municipal hall, on such sites and in such manner as to leave possibilities of development.

It did not unduly cluster together. It did not permit all the desirable land to be taken for immediate purposes. It reserved land for parks and for the extension of quarters which it already envisaged. It had its main street, on which one or two or half a dozen skyscrapers had already been erected, with due regard for others which would follow. Around the skyscrapers there might be a conglomeration of temporary shanties—but in course of time these shanties could be demolished and give place to more substantial erections.

It is easy enough to laugh at the Main Streets and the Zeniths and the Middletowns of America with their narrow provincialism; but that is an aspect which should not be overemphasised, for, as I saw them, the humblest of them were not concerned so much with their present as with their future. Some percentage of them will doubtless stagnate. But others will grow, because growth is the law of American life. It cannot be otherwise; there is an invincible optimism in the American character which refuses to believe that things will always be as they are and cannot be better. Perhaps the only country in which I have had the same impression is a country which is very different in size and temperament from the United States—Czecho-Slovakia. There too, as in the Middle West, I was struck

by the constant building; half-finished towns seemed to be springing up with room left for their subsequent growth. But the resources, the potentialities, were on nothing like the same scale as in the Middle West.

The more I come to think about it the more I am inclined to agree that the Middle West is America. The pioneer still lives in the Middle West but he is a pioneer who has learned that nothing need remain as it is, that the prospects are boundless—and should not be bounded. He is taking care not to bound them. He is providing for the years to come, when the little community will be a flourishing town, and when the flourishing town will be a prosperous city.

One has an amazing impression of the limitless outlook—in every respect—on these American plains. Never did men have such a clear vision of the future, though often in dismal and dreary surroundings, as here. They have had irrefutable examples of development under their eyes. They have actually seen cities grow in their own lifetime. One has only to take a map of the United States and put one's finger here and there to point out cities that have grown in recent times from insignificant origins.

And of all this the capital is Chicago. I had glimpses of the residential districts and of the business section with its towering office buildings, banks, opera-houses, theatres, hotels, municipal, county, and federal edifices

Photograph by Underwood & Underwood

"FLYING D" RANCH—HALF A MILLION ACRES

Photograph by Underwood & Underwood

PIKE'S PEAK

—the famous Loop—and I was even made aware in an unmistakable manner of the presence of the stockyards where according to the old jape "what can be used we can and what can't we can." But I prefer to think of the long drive I took by the lakeside—returning to Chicago by the most wonderful approach that may be imagined.

For miles we ran between the big white globes of avenues of lamps. There until a short time ago the waters of the lake flowed. Now the lake has been filled in with sand—mile after mile—and gardens have been planted and trees are fluttering their leaves by the lake shore of the Windy City. When Chicago felt the need for beauty it did not hesitate to push back Lake Michigan. On the lawns are tennis courts, and golf courses have been prepared. On the beach the Chicagoans go to bathe. Well away to the left are brightly lit towers in steel and stone. In the distance are the most impressive skyscrapers in America.

It is a new kind of loveliness but a loveliness it is, and the daring conception of it is almost incredible and the marvellous execution of it is altogether unbelievable. Whatever blocked the way to the realisation of this immense dream was, regardless of cost, ruthlessly swept aside. The Lake was swept aside and buildings which had been put up at the expenditure of millions of dollars were simply razed if they were in the way. Monu-

mental bridges and parapets, with imposing statuary and fountains and an Art Institute and the Marshall Field Museum and I know not what, have been built.

And the river itself has been turned back. Chicago thought that the sluggish stream, with its dismal wharves and warehouses, should not run into the Lake, but that the Lake should run into the river. So the wharves and warehouses were pulled down and the axiom that rivers cannot be made to run uphill was treated as a mere superstition of old ignorant days, and the river was made to run uphill. And when the overhead street became too crowded we drove our car along an underground street, just as wide as any ground street and probably much wider. No engineering difficulties are insuperable in Chicago.

Nor is this all. If in a few years a boulevard with a score of miles of park land has been reclaimed from the Lake, this unprecedented creation has merely stimulated the engineers to fresh efforts. They were making an island in the Lake. That, I was told, is only one of a number of islands which will rise up from the Lake in time for the World's Fair of 1933. It will be the biggest exhibition of its kind ever held but it will not take up the space of the city. It will be housed on entirely new space. That is how Chicago does things.

The whole plan of Chicago, originally drawn up by Daniel Burnham, has grown until for its full realisation

Photograph by Underwood & Underwood

CHICAGO. SOME OF THE NEW BUILDINGS

something like a billion dollars have been or will be spent. The Plan Commission is now considering what are called super-highways. They are coöperating with the Regional Association outside the city. They are making vast forest preserves for the pleasure of the people. They are not asking whether it will pay; they are asking whether it will make Chicago a better city. "Make no little plans," said Burnham, "remember that our sons and grandsons are going to do things that would stagger us. Let your watchword be order and your beacon beauty." These thoughts animate Chicago, and no other city seems to me to understand so well the American law of harmonious growth.

CHAPTER TWENTY-TWO

PROVINCIAL CRIME AND INTERNATIONAL NEWS

THERE were newspapers everywhere. When I lived in hotels I found the morning newspaper outside my door. When I lived in clubs it was presented to me at the breakfast table. When I travelled on the trains newspapers bearing the names of each town at which we stopped were taken on board and were available in the club car.

Newspapers abound; it has become necessary to erect in the streets of the cities capacious iron receptacles into which passers-by are requested to drop their used newspapers; and I dread to think of the condition of the streets if these waste boxes were not provided. So unceasing is the demand for newspapers that enterprising sellers have invented a test of honour which saves them the trouble of selling; you take your newspaper from a street pillar and drop your coin in the slot.

I do not know whether statistics have been compiled showing the consumption of newsprint paper in different countries; but I am certain that the United States would easily be at the head. There is first the

actual number of publications; the United States does not count upon the journals of such centres as New York; every community has its newspapers. It may be that the sales of a particular organ rarely if ever approach the sales of the leading European organs; for the consciousness of regionalism is highly developed in America, and the great distances make anything like nation-wide distribution normally impossible.

The multiplicity of journals is good for the journalist; in England I have known four or five editors of outstanding ability who have, through changes of proprietorship or other circumstances, lost their posts and have never afterwards been able to obtain equivalent posts; I imagine that this rarely happens in the United States where posts are more numerous.

On the other hand it must be remarked that many newspapers are run on the chain system—that is to say they belong to one man or company, and although they have considerable freedom in using local material their features come from the one source. For that matter the unattached newspapers buy their news from the Associated Press, or the United Press and similar agencies, and print syndicated articles which appear in thirty, sixty, or a hundred other newspapers. Thus it comes about that there is a certain similarity in American newspapers whether you buy them in Detroit or in Washington. Foreign services in particular are sold freely and you

may read the cables of the New York *Times* or the Chicago *Tribune* in many parts of the continent.

There is not only multiplicity; there is bulk. I picked up somewhere a stout volume entitled "One Day." It contained the reading matter of an ordinary weekday newspaper reproduced in book form. I confess it had not occurred to me to consider the size of a newspaper in relation to the size of a book. We who have some claim to authorship know what it means to write a book. If it is composed with reasonable thought and with workmanlike attention to exact phraseology, it is a tremendous task to write a book. And then our publishers spend three or four months over the setting, the correcting, the printing, and the binding of a book. Every newspaper has the substance of a book, written, and printed, and issued in a single day.

For that matter the essential parts of the newspaper are written, printed, and issued in a few hours. Moreover, though there are doubtless mistakes (nothing like so many as in the average book) every fact and figure is carefully verified. Take, for example, the market prices; the slightest inaccuracy would render the newspaper unreliable and therefore valueless. Whenever anybody talks of the slovenliness of newspapers—well, I can only charitably suppose that he does not know what he is talking about.

The newspaper is necessarily an instrument of pre-

Photograph by Underwood & Underwood

LOS ANGELES BEACH-FRONT

Photograph by Underwood & Underwood

T. A. T. PLANE FLYING OVER DOWNTOWN LOS ANGELES

cision. When I am writing a book and cannot readily place my hands on a particular set of facts, I am entitled, unless they happen to be fundamental, to state them vaguely with fair approximation; but no newspaper reader would be satisfied with a vague and approximate account of a football match or with a vague and approximate rendering of a speech by Mr. Hoover. The newspaper is, when all is said and done, the most wonderful thing in our modern civilisation and its defects should not be judged too harshly.

But I am digressing in my enthusiasm for the newspaper. I had meant to remark on its bulk. To the European the American journals are incredibly huge. I think myself they are far too huge. I should prefer the tabloids—if the existing tabloids had not such a foolish idea of news. They think that crime is the only interesting kind of news, when in reality it is the least interesting. Nothing resembles a crime so much as another crime.

I was especially conscious of this in my wanderings, for I would come, let us say, to Detroit, and find that the principal space in the newspapers was devoted to some happening in which the stranger from, let us say, Los Angeles could not by any possible stretch of imagination take the slightest interest. In Los Angeles there would be a similar local happening which could not carry the smallest appeal to the people of Detroit.

How local and trivial is this sort of news! At that time the London papers and the Paris papers were likewise filled with so-called sensational stories which could not have been made in the least sensational for either Detroit or New Orleans.

In short, crime is purely parochial. It is provincial gossip of no more importance than the provincial tea parties. I think that is why most of the American newspapers seem to me to deserve the appellation of local newspapers.

Yet, side by side with this disproportionate display of local crime, there are the most serious expositions and reports of national and international affairs. I found it altogether admirable that I could read in, say, Pittsburgh or Philadelphia, quite as much about the International Bank which was being founded at Baden-Baden as I could have read in Europe. The real news is printed. There are many newspapers which will not hesitate to give up an entire page to the proceedings at Washington or Geneva.

In the Sunday editions, which run to more than a hundred pages, there are complete sections filled with book reviews and other sections with descriptive articles of little known parts of the world. There are long sketches of personalities, there are well written pages of politics, there are popular studies of the latest dis-

coveries in natural science . . . In brief, every branch of human activity is most adequately treated.

I am sure that whatever reservations I could make about the yellower type of press, the American newspapers as a whole are fast becoming, if they are not already, the best informed on things that matter, and they can certainly afford to give more space to worthwhile topics than can the newspapers in those countries which have not developed the art of advertising. For it is (speaking broadly) only in America that the newspapers have become the chief medium of advertising. England is following suit, but it has a long way to go before its newspapers will stand on the same commercial footing.

Is this commercialisation of the press desirable or undesirable? Doubtless it has its undesirable side, but it certainly enables newspapers to meet generously the public demand for speedy and full information; and the scope of the American press is truly encyclopedic.

Sobriety in presentation, wide selection of subject-matter, are, I am convinced, becoming more and more the objectives of American editors. There was a time when each tried to scream louder than his competitor. But there is a limit to screaming and it was soon reached. Screaming is regarded as the mark of the bad newspaper. There will always be newspapers which scream but they are now left to cater for the lowest

tastes; they have the field to themselves; and those newspapers which wish to enjoy a good reputation among intelligent readers—who incidentally form a class which is most responsive to advertisement of sound wares—now, on the contrary, try to distinguish themselves by their sense of responsibility.

I am told, and my observation confirms it, that the worst of the tabloids do not attract the sensible advertisers and despite their sales have a hard time to make ends meet. Yes, the predominant American type of newspaper is becoming the cleanest and the most serious of all newspapers.

CHAPTER TWENTY-THREE

RADIO, MOTOR-CAR AND CINEMA

THE newspapers have a rival—radio as it is called in America, or wireless as it is called in England. We do not yet sufficiently realise the profound changes that are being brought about by the possession of a radio-set by almost every household in the United States.

In the first place national affairs are followed much more closely. I remember that when I was in the United States some surprise was expressed at the meagreness of the crowds that attended a ceremony at which Mr. Hoover spoke in the open air. It was a dismal day; it rained pitilessly. Mr. Hoover's popularity was not in question. The explanation, which did not appear to occur to everybody, was simple: people did not see why they should be drenched when they could sit comfortably at home and listen to what Mr. Hoover had to say. Mr. Hoover's audience though invisible was infinitely larger than any audience that Mr. Roosevelt ever addressed.

The microphone has revolutionised public speaking. It may be that the old presidential campaigns which

consisted in traversing the United States and delivering addresses to a few hundred or even a few thousand persons from the rear of the train will not be repeated —or if they are, it will be a perfunctory concession to old custom.

In the second place greater interest will undoubtedly be taken in international affairs. Despite what I have said about the American newspaper, there are, when one has gone sufficiently far from the Eastern seaboard, still places which consider Europe too far off to be worth much thought. The newspapers in these regions have not kept pace with the times. It is invidious to particularise; but to make my point clear I will set down the words of a former official to me as we sat talking in a Washington Club soon after the visit of Mr. Ramsay MacDonald to the United States.

"I happened to be," he remarked, "in (let us say) Salt Lake City when MacDonald was speaking in New York. A few years ago such an event would have been accorded two inches of space. Two inches for a European statesman would have seemed ample and few people would have been able to state whether Lloyd George, Baldwin, or MacDonald was the British Prime Minister. But now comes the radio. It has transformed international life. Everybody in Salt Lake City tuned in when MacDonald was speaking, and everybody actually heard his earnest plea for an Anglo-American

understanding. Had it not been for the radio they would hardly have been aware of his existence. They would hardly have given a thought to the negotiations. But the chance of listening to a distinguished guest was not to be missed; that guest was not only in New York —he was to all intents and purposes in Salt Lake City."

That is, I think, an excellent example of one of the effects of radio. Not long ago it would have taken time to inform and interest the American public. In the South there are old inhabitants who still think of the Civil War as The War. In some sections of the West *The* War left little impression. It took years of propaganda to induce the man in Middletown to think about the mighty events which reddened the European sky. Across those enormous spaces dotted here and there with towns how should rumours of happenings on another planet come? But the past few years have wrought wonders, and of all wonders the wireless, as a means of direct communication, is the most vital.

I had not considered it before and now perhaps I shall be taxed with exaggeration. But no, I cannot exaggerate the unprecedented difference that wireless has made in the relations of the United States with Europe. It is not for nothing that there is a receiving set in every home; and as radio is internationalised—as is inevitable—no important statement in Europe will escape attention in Salt Lake City. It may be that the

radio-set has been purchased on the instalment plan (there is no reason why credit should not be given on prospective earnings); but the point is that it is there and it is being used.

Even if the local press failed to estimate the volume of public interest in foreign affairs, that public interest would be able to satisfy itself. The printed word is powerful but perhaps still more powerful is the spoken word. This does not mean that newspapers will be put out of business; the more enterprising newspapers are making use of radio to stimulate interest. Thus I was taken to the studio of the Chicago *Daily News*—one of the finest wireless installations I have seen—and I found that the program made ample allowance for instruction as well as entertainment.

Provincialism, which may be difficult to define but is easy to recognise, is also being broken down by the advent of the cheap automobile. It is true that a remarkable number of Americans possess a small car, that even the working man has his car.

The figures show that the United States has in actual use more than twenty-four million cars. Great Britain comes second with 1,348,000 and France third with 1,115,000. Canada possesses 1,061,000 cars, Germany 550,000; Italy 117,000. Thus the United States has one car for every five inhabitants and Great Britain one for thirty-six inhabitants.

In 1928 the United States produced 4,600,000 cars, France 223,000, Great Britain 204,000, Germany 55,000. These are figures which denote a great sociological change. It is possible to misuse a car; it is possible to think only of speeding. But on the whole I am sure that the effect of such material things is not merely material. I am certain that it is all to the good that the American should get out of his home town and see other places. The tendency to tittle-tattle and gossip in all, and particularly in small communities, is largely nullified. The possessor of a car soon realises that the world is not bounded by the streets of his city. He has a new appreciation of other men with other manners; and manners are seen to be purely relative. A love of nature is fostered; larger horizons open.

It is America which has also developed to a degree undreamed of in Europe the popular entertainment of the moving picture—and is now developing the talking picture. Whenever I had a spare hour I went into the well-equipped cinemas and though there was a great deal of banality there were also beautiful films of high technical achievement which, consciously or unconsciously, must have an educative influence. Much has been written about the morals of Hollywood; with them I have no concern and I will only say that it is palpably nonsense to regard Hollywood as other than an industrious, earnest place in which serious artists and

clever experts are striving hard to perfect a new instrument for popular pleasure.

What is worth noting is that the cinema brings the whole world to our doors. I am informed that a quarter of the *actualités* filmed by American firms last year were of foreign events. Foreign personages are constantly seen on the American screens—and now are heard. Scores of films each year are devoted to foreign subjects. It is impossible for the American who pays his few cents at the door of a cinema to be ignorant of foreign peoples. Perhaps the exotic qualities of foreign countries and peoples are overemphasised; it would be better were it possible to show that foreign countries and peoples are fundamentally the same instead of dwelling on their differences. Yet even the representation of differences must destroy the insularity which might easily have become the chief defect of the men and women who live remote from other civilisations.

Will Hays rightly declares "The influence of the film is so great, and the possibilities of creating a sincere friendship among the nations are so considerable, that it is our duty to avail ourselves of the film not only in helping Americans to understand each other, but in helping Americans to understand other peoples and other peoples to understand Americans. Universal comprehension is one of the conditions of peace." One does not wish to fall into overstatement but I am firmly

convinced that these three things, made accessible to the comparatively poor as well as to the rich American —the radio, the motor-car, and the cinema—are playing their part in destroying provincialism, insularity, ignorance, and bigotry, and are bringing that real culture whose other name is understanding.

CHAPTER TWENTY-FOUR

PHILADELPHIA
AN EIGHTEENTH CENTURY VISION

AMONG the American plays which I had occasion to see—and here I will incidentally remark that the American theatre is both efficient in its commercial aspect and vital in its artistic aspect—was a fantastic piece by John Balderston entitled "Berkeley Square." In an old London house, the hero, surrounded by Eighteenth Century furniture, Eighteenth Century portraits, and Eighteenth Century documents, dwells so much in imagination in the Eighteenth Century that suddenly he is transported back to the Eighteenth Century and actually lives an Eighteenth Century life amid Eighteenth Century people and Eighteenth Century scenes.

Nearly as much happened to me in Philadelphia. I was in a friend's apartment in a building which towered into the sky—one of those neat, perfectly designed, and beautifully convenient apartments, where everything gets itself done by the pressing of buttons, the pulling of switches, and the manipulation of gadgets—one of those apartments which could exist nowhere

Photograph by Underwood & Underwood

INDEPENDENCE HALL, PHILADELPHIA

else than in America and in the Twentieth Century. I was looking out of the window on the immense pinnacles, the vast vertical towns which are called buildings and which are so different from the horizontal towns of Europe, when my gaze fell on a little Colonial house deep down in the abyss of the street. Was it giddiness? Was it hallucination? Or did I veritably see two gentlemen of the Eighteenth Century say farewell to each other on the steps of the little Colonial house? One of them was wearing plain Quaker clothes and a broad-brimmed hat. His flat face, beaming with kindliness and intelligence, was almost as broad as his hat. On his flat nose was the bridge of a pair of round wise spectacles such as owls might use. That was Franklin. The other gentleman was tall and handsome, exceedingly dignified in demeanour. He had a Roman profile. His coat was of black velvet. That was Washington.

There were other brick-built houses with arched doorways and a few steps. The bricks were alternately lighter and darker. It was good to see this Georgian architecture again; and looking over the low roofs I peeped into an English garden. Beyond was the Delaware, white with the sails of the merchant ships. I could see the porters carrying the quaint furniture of the new settlers. Their arms were full of pewter and porcelain and lacquered tea-boxes. But that spectacle was rare. Mostly they were unlading the merchandise of the

volt. It was no light thing to cut adrift from England; but America was growing up; it could not be kept in leading strings; it could not remain in subjection.

So this was the City of the Declaration; and there on Chestnut Street is Independence Hall where the momentous decision was taken. Its exterior is unpretentious, but it is the most historic spot in America. In Congress Hall Washington was made President; and there Congress met for ten years. Not far away is Carpenter's Hall where the Convention held to frame the Constitution met for four months. You may see too the tiny house wherein Betsy Ross made the first American flag.

It was not easy, as Anna Robeson Burr points out in an admirable little book on Philadelphia, for the men of America to agree on a common constitution. They were of different races—Dutch, Swedes, French, Germans, English—of different temperaments—the Friends of Pennsylvania, the Puritans of Massachusetts, the Cavaliers of Virginia. John Adams spoke of them as "fifty gentlemen meeting together, not acquainted with each other's language, ideas, views, designs . . . They are therefore jealous of each other, fearful, timid, skittish." But they accomplished their task by dint of perseverance, courage, goodwill. They too were obsessed by the notion of sovereignty—the sovereignty of their respective states. But no sovereignty should be above

law and eventually the United States agreed to submit their differences to a Supreme Federal Court. Should the Court have executive power? It was objected that executive power would impinge on sovereignty. To this day if a state chooses to flaunt the authority of the Supreme Federal Court it can do so without apprehending coercion. The only sanction is a moral sanction. Yet I think only once—at the beginning—was a judgment disregarded. Is this not an object lesson for Europe—for the world? I will not pretend that in Europe the difficulties are not greater; there is a dead weight of tradition, of national prejudice, of sovereign pride, to be cleared away, and the thought of war to be eliminated as it was later eliminated from the United States, before law, sanctionless, effective only because it is universally accepted, will have full validity in our international affairs.

It must not be supposed that all these thoughts came to me as I looked out the -th storey window above the humble little Eighteenth Century house; but they started at that moment when for me the modern city disappeared and left only the old buildings which survive—a few churches, a few halls, some dwelling houses, and some ancient streets—an Eighteenth Century town which offers a strange contrast to the up-to-date Philadelphia. Now Philadelphia is the third city of the United States. Yet somehow for the visitor and for

the inhabitant the old is more potent than the new, the small is more dominating than the great. I was conducted to splendid costly buildings which are among the marvels of America; and I duly marvelled. But then I was conducted to a tiny inn for luncheon, an ancient haunt of Philadelphians and still the haunt of literary and artistic Philadelphia. Incidentally I discovered, since everybody was in a confessional mood, that many of the leading Philadelphians are—Bostonians!

I like Philadelphia partly because it has street names. That is an old European custom which rejoices my heart. I could never accustom myself to the Forty-fifth streets, and the Third avenues, and the P. streets, and the rest of the characterless nomenclature. There is something warm and personal in a Chestnut street and a Walnut street and even in the Market street and the magnificent Broad street. But better still are the streets which recall famous men. They keep alive the historic sense in citizens. France, and particularly Paris, excels in this appreciation of the civic effect of constantly pronouncing the names of those who have wrought well in their generation. Philadelphia numbers most of its streets but it has been wise in naming at least some of them.

Philadelphia has been first in many ways. Here was the first bank, and the first mint, and the first art school, and the first playhouse, and the first subscrip-

CHAPTER TWENTY-FIVE

INVINCIBLE OPTIMISM

If I am to tell what's right with America I cannot neglect the reaction to the collapse on the stock market. Perhaps it was this event, which occurred about this point of my tour, which helped me to realise to the full the resiliency, the unconquerability, of the United States. In a few days I saw many milliard dollars' worth of securities vanish into thin air. The drop in prices on Wall Street was terrific. I have seen panics in many countries and according to all calculations there should have been a panic in America.

There was no panic. Speculators who had imprudently played on margins were wiped out; shares which were surely sound dropped to a third of their former value; businesses which had to raise money on securities could only do so at a great loss; yet with all this selling there was relative calm.

Those who were badly hit squared their jaws and determined to start again. They were not down and out. They had been caught but they would not squeal. They knew they had taken risks and they must accept the

consequences. A hard working man, comparatively poor, told me almost jocularly with just a touch of excitement, as he might have told me how he lost some game, that he had worked up his little fortune to twenty-five thousand dollars and now it had practically disappeared. "What are you going to do about it?" I asked conventionally, and perhaps rather foolishly. He looked me straight in the eye and he replied, "There's nothing to do about it—I shall just go on working."

I picked up the newspaper; Herbert Kaufman was assuring the country that "all the skyscrapers, department stores, and industrial plants are still standing . . . There is no crisis, not the remotest possibility of a panic. The bears simply have what the bulls could not hold . . . The assets behind each corporation listed on the Stock Exchange are intrinsically the same." And so he went on to assert that company prospects and earning power were unaffected; factories were running as usual and the nation's cash supply had not diminished by a penny.

If I refer to these sensible observations it is not because they are exceptional; they are typical. The whole newspaper treatment of the crash was on these lines. Paper profits were lost but nothing else was lost—and what were paper profits anyhow? The opportunity was seized to show the fundamental soundness of American trade and industry and the country's banking institu-

tions. Business as usual! was the cry. It was a cry that was thoroughly justified. Individuals came out of the turmoil badly shorn, but they could only blame themselves, and the hopeful attitude of America was unchanged.

Such warnings as there were, were against timid hoarding of money. A market stampede was of no consequence provided the consumption of articles was not diminished. At all costs America must avoid falling back into the old cycle of prosperity and depression, depression and prosperity. Dividends were showing an upward trend, and provided people kept on buying they would continue to increase whatever happened to the purely arbitrary values of shares. All the figures were brought out to prove that corn prices were good, railroads were earning more, steel was on the upgrade, more automobiles had been turned out in 1929 than in 1928, builders could obtain mortgages at reasonable rates, chain stores were expanding, electrical concerns were ahead of the previous year, the leather industries were improving, banks were sounder then ever, commercial transactions generally were greater, public utility companies were more flourishing—and so on. The evidence thus produced was convincing.

Even if it had not been so convincing, even if there had been a slump, it would not have mattered overmuch; confidence is the keynote of America. Some-

where I read the story of a big business man who had amassed many millions and then was ruined by an overventuresome project; he began again and recovered his old power only to be squeezed out by unforeseen circumstances; once more he was on top and once more he was cast down; he was undismayed and was now climbing up higher peaks. I do not recommend his example, for his crashes were doubtless due to recklessness; yet I cannot but admire as genuinely American his indifference to financial defeat. Elsewhere such a man would probably have sunk into obscurity if not after his first at any rate after his second downfall. But he picked himself up smilingly; his energy was undiminished; his experience was richer.

The point is not that national prosperity should fluctuate. The American conception is that it should not. European economy—accepted until recently by America—taught us that there should be ups and downs. Prosperity meant over-production and over-production meant depression. America examined this so-called law and found that it was fallacious. There is no law of business cycles. There cannot be over-production. The market is limitless—or at least the limits are not in sight—if we regard production as not intended for a privileged class but for the entire nation which has a right to share in the benefits of greater facilities in the manufacture of articles which add to

the amenities of life. Nothing need be reserved for the rich; if it is turned out in larger quantities its cost will be lessened and at the same time the purchasing power of workers will be augmented. Has everybody in the country got everything he wants? If he has not, saturation-point has not been reached, nor is it likely to be reached. Over-production, as it is termed, merely means excessive costs and inadequate wages. The remedy is to reduce costs and to increase wages—two processes which are not, as I have already said, contradictory.

The new American economist sees clearly that there is something wrong if the public is not in a position to buy back what it has produced. He applies himself, therefore, to correcting the mistake. If perchance a difficult period is reached the government should take a hand and should undertake a program of public-works construction and help to speed fresh outlays of capital by private industry. That was the conclusion of President Hoover, who immediately made proposals for the stabilisation of national prosperity. It was planned to build a great trade fleet. It was planned to aid agriculture. The details of these proposals have been sufficiently published; my purpose is to call attention to the idea that is behind them. The idea is that of tiding the country over a crucial moment; but it is not only the immediate present that is considered; the measures taken and the expenditure authorised are intended

to build up a better future. It is not casual relief, it is permanent construction, that is the object of these projects. Certainly excessive booming is dangerous in that it induces ignorant and incompetent persons to enter the stock market and thus brings about an inflation of values. It is inevitable that the bubble will sooner or later burst and it is good that it should burst. The business man should not be encouraged to follow stock exchange prices; that is not his job; his job is to apply himself seriously to making his own operations more profitable. The crash was salutary in recalling the business man to a sense of his proper functions. He will now get to work again and it would not be surprising if, as is suggested, the deflation of shares were directly responsible for business expansion. Money which has been dear is now cheapened and it can be used to finance many schemes which could not obtain sufficient credit while attention was turned to the blowing up of paper profits. That is as it may be; I am no reader of the future; but this I know, that the United States is invincibly optimistic. Why should it not accomplish much more when it has already accomplished so much? I think that something of this confidence is returning to Europe, but I am bound to acknowledge that there is a certain justification for the contrast that is sometimes drawn between the United States and Europe, and that Europe, until recently, has shown a disposi-

tion to be overburdened by its past, to cling to obsolete economic doctrines, to be discouraged and weary, to have feeble reactions, to feel that the struggle naught availeth. That phase is passing. In America it does not exist; America rejects hampering economic laws, it is filled with faith and hope, it cannot be discouraged or wearied, its reactions are strong, it is convinced that the struggle availeth much. And that is why America is what it is today and will be more tomorrow.

CHAPTER TWENTY-SIX

THE EQUALITY OF MEN AND WOMEN

WOMEN are respected nowhere more than in America. Equality of the sexes is not a vain word. Respect is not a half-mocking gallantry. It is not patronage and protection. It is a simple recognition of freedom and independence. (Perhaps I should not use the word independence, for in the ultimate sense independence is neither possible nor desirable; men and women must always depend on each other.) The American woman is certainly not the subordinate of the American man.

There are indeed critics who say she has acquired a superiority, that she sometimes abuses her position. This may be true of a small proportion of women—I confess that I have seen instances of unfairness on the part of women, just as I have seen instances of unfairness on the part of men, and just as there must always be occasional unfairness on one side or the other in the difficult relations of men and women, or for that matter in the relations of men and men and of women and women. Such examples prove nothing. In marriage

one may be more or less selfish, more or less serviceable. Perhaps public sentiment is more inclined in America to favour the woman, and an old instinct of chivalry, which is not eradicated by nominal equality, impels the man to accept sometimes more than his share of blame. On the whole it is well that the balance should lean a little in this direction.

If it does so lean it is certainly not because the woman is regarded as weaker than the man. It is rather because she is held in high honour. Historically she played a great part in the making of America. The pioneering days were hard. Rough work had to be done. The amenities of life were lacking. Such amenities as there were were brought by courageous women who shared the lot of the pioneer without complaint, and, braving its dangers, brought to it a grace that commanded gratitude.

It is explained sometimes that women were fewer than men, and were therefore highly prized, but this explanation does not suffice. It is easy to conceive communities which would have made of women, in these circumstances, mere drudges. No, the disparity in numbers is the poorest of reasons. Its validity could be utterly shattered. The pioneers wanted some measure of grace and they were grateful for the grace of their companions.

With grace goes practical helpfulness. The American

woman from the beginning has been given opportunities of proving her capacity. Wherever I went I was struck by her efficiency. I saw her at work in the offices; and she displayed a sense of orderliness, a quick understanding, a willingness to exert exceptional efforts if need arose; and at her task she was bright and smiling. I saw her in the colleges; gay, intelligent, and earnest. I saw her in the homes; a perfect *maîtresse de maison*, joining in the conversation of her husband's friends wittily, intelligently, sympathetically, without timidity, and without pretentiousness—an equal among equals. I saw her engaged in public causes; and was convinced of her alertness, her sincerity, her remarkable influence.

Sometimes I was tempted to think that the man, engrossed in his own concerns, had left the field of culture and sociological thinking to the woman; but this is a view which could not be justified by the facts. It receives superficial support in the greater leisure that women undoubtedly enjoy. They are in business too, and they have been successful in every sphere of activity; but nevertheless there is a large class of women that has a certain amount of time on its hands. What is done with that time? It is not frittered away in frivolities. It is notorious that women are the chief attenders at lectures. They are avid of knowledge; they delight to welcome the distinguished visitor socially, and they are genuinely interested in whatever he has

to say. The study of foreign affairs is pursued intensely by women. In the circles in which I happened to move, chiefly literary and political, I found that the women were conspicuous not only by their numbers but by their intimate acquaintance with the subjects under consideration.

Women in the United States are full-fledged citizens. They can vote and serve in public offices. They have no legal disabilities. There are in Europe still countries where the vote is denied to women; where no transaction can be begun without the written authorisation of the husband. In one of them, the woman, without legal rights, without vote, is so admirable that she has obtained a predominant position in both public and private life. But it is a grotesque anomaly that she should have to govern the home and the country by a sort of subterfuge. In another country the woman has the vote and has legal rights, but she is, for the most part, suppressed, a household slave. It is a painful anomaly that neither vote nor legal rights should have improved her lot. But in the United States there is equilibrium.

There is an unexampled mixture of deference and comradeship. If a lady steps into an elevator all hats are removed. If she drops her handkerchief it is instantly restored to her with a politeness that is almost ceremonious. She is a reigning queen to be served, to be

treated with solicitude. And yet, despite these attentions which would seem to denote a mock superiority, despite this homage which might well be paid to merely ornamental and useless creatures, the woman works side by side with the man, travels alone, goes unaccompanied to the theatre, participates in athletic games with young men on absolutely equal and unrestrained terms. There is not the smallest fear of misunderstanding. There is no question of annoying attentions. When she is doing her job she does it as a human being, not as a woman. She claims no privileges in business and she expects none. She would be insulted at any condescending assistance.

If the young girl or the working woman simply asks and obtains the right to go about her business in perfect safety, without favours and without hindrances, the married woman refuses to alienate her liberty and declines to live an idle existence. She continues to see her friends, to visit her club, to have her own interests which may possess a social importance. Domestic life is greatly simplified in America by all kinds of mechanical devices, by excellent organisation, which compensate for the scarcity of household help; and on the whole I think the American woman is far better off than her sister in other lands. It frequently happens that the husband, caught up by his occupations, is obliged to leave his wife to her own resources; but

those resources do not fail her, for she too has her occupations.

I think I have already remarked on the good taste of the American woman. It is shown in manifold ways. It is shown in the disposition of the home; the American home invariably is harmoniously arranged. It is shown in her dress; for at the present time there is no better dressed woman in the world than the American woman. It is shown in her care for herself; for she is handsome, svelte, vigorous, with cleancut features, clear eyes, and an assurance in her whole demeanour that marks her out at once.

If I have—putting aside certain obvious criticisms on which it is usual to lay far too much stress—been able to recall in these impressions of America so much that is good, and that might indeed be taken as a model by other countries, it is largely because the American woman has taken her proper part in the development of the United States. It is not a man-made country; it is a country made by men and women in perfect co-operation.

I have heard it said of one European capital that it is a man's town, and of another capital that it is a woman's town; but of no American city could it be said that it is essentially either a man's or a woman's town. Both man and woman have striven, and both man and woman enjoy the fruits of their labours. They have attained real equality.

CHAPTER TWENTY-SEVEN

PITTSBURGH
REFLECTIONS ON SECTIONALISM

PITTSBURGH swam into my ken one night. I am glad that I saw it as a nocturnal spectacle. Indeed there are two vivid memories of midnight that I carry away from America and I do not know which is the more beautiful. The first is that of the Niagara Falls amazingly illuminated. I was prepared to dislike the lit up Niagara Falls, for I had an Old World prejudice which would have natural objects left unadorned. My prejudice vanished when I saw that mighty mass of moving water dazzlingly revealed in the full glow of more than a thousand million candlepower. Such wealth of water engenders an unprecedented wealth of electricity and so the lights, white and blue and red and green, play with rainbow-like effect on the marble wall of waters.

But what have Niagara Falls to do with Pittsburgh? the reader may well exclaim. Nothing; except this—that the night scene of beauty at Niagara was only equalled by the nocturne of Pittsburgh. I had read somewhere a terrifying account of Pittsburgh. It was

Photograph by Underwood & Underwood

PITTSBURGH AT NIGHT

situated in the Black Country where all was dreary and desolate, where soot and cinders spread darkly over all the prospect. The description, I found, is not in any case accurate; modern industry has removed the most unpleasant aspects of toil. But whatever Pittsburgh may be by day, at night it presents the most impressive picture.

All those tall chimneys, those shafts, those tubes, were darkly outlined against a luminous sky. There were light and shade as on a Rembrandt canvas; a splendid chiaroscuro. The furnaces were like great organ pipes on which were played the mighty symphony of industry. When I say that Pittsburgh is not unlovely I express myself inadequately; it is magnificent. Ezra Pound, the American poet, who has chosen to live in Europe, one day in conversation with me developed a fine fancy. He imagined the orchestration of toil. Some time in the future the great cities of labour will make of their labour a mighty harmony. The giant hammers will beat in measure; the sirens will shriek in tune like tenors on the stage; the movements of the workers will be rhythmically regulated; and all the noises of civilisation will be woven into an audible pattern. The musical genius of that day will be the director of factories—or perhaps I should put it that the director of factories will be expected to have musical genius. . . . It is fantastic enough, but somehow

as I looked on the organ pipes of Pittsburgh the memory of that conversation with Ezra Pound came back to me.

Here then was one of the places that have made Pennsylvania, the original Quaker Colony, the richest state in America. No wonder that the Pennsylvanians are proud of their industrial cities. The result of their intense development is to put them in some opposition to those parts of America which have not grown so fast. I was present in Washington in the Senatorial Committee which investigated the rôle of the lobbyists. There was in the witness chair before the Senators a smooth, robust business man who had himself made a large fortune in the woollen trade, and who had afterwards devoted his energies to the welfare of Pennsylvania, who had used his influence and directed his propaganda towards the raising of tariffs on manufactured articles.

He emitted some startling theories. In the West and in the South, he said, were "backward states." Asked to name them he did not hesitate; he mentioned half a dozen agricultural communities which, even as agricultural communities, have not lived up to their potentialities. He contrasted their income tax payments with those of Pennsylvania and similar states: "If the volume of voice in the Senate were proportioned to population, productive power, or the total sum con-

tributed to the national upkeep, some of those states which are now most vocal would need amplifiers to make their whispers heard," he bluntly said. He condemned the provision of the Constitution that gave to each state two Senators. The Committee opened startled eyes: "Do you mean that representation in the Senate should be put on a basis of wealth?" he was asked. And he replied: "I would not say wealth, but national interest."

When the Constitution of the Union was framed there was inserted a clause forbidding tariffs between the states and establishing free trade within the limits of the Union. It is this provision which has done more to cement the unity of America and to make possible its present prosperity than any other measure. It was a challenge to state sovereignty but it was one which was readily enough accepted. Difficult as it was to obtain the complete fusion of the United States—while leaving large local powers to each state—it was accomplished; and although on the issue of slavery it was afterwards to be challenged, there can be not the slightest doubt today that the United States is fundamentally one. This does not mean however that there is no sectionalism. The entire absence of sectionalism would be strange. But it is a sectionalism that has no deep significance.

As I listened to this effort to pit the industrial and

financial East against the agricultural West or Middle West I was aware that such conflict of interests as there may be is surprisingly small and is not treated as a serious matter. The diatribe uttered in the Senatorial Committee was taken humorously. It stirred practically no resentment. It was quite undoctrinal and was regarded as a rather comic interlude—the idiosyncratic complaint of an individual or of a group.

There is a farm block and an industrial block which endeavour to do the best for themselves in the determination of tariff schedules—but that is about all. As a political cry these oppositions have lost their sting. The old campaign against Wall Street is outmoded, and the present campaign against the backward states has no success whatever. There is a steady standardisation in the best sense brought about by mass production and universal salesmanship and facilities of travel.

I here protest against the common use of the word standardisation. It is a good thing that all the commodities and amenities of life are distributed broadcast over the whole of America. There is nothing to be said against material standardisation; I do not, for instance, want a different type of telephone from that of my neighbour, I do not want a different kind of typewriter or automobile or washing machine or radio-set. Conformity in these things does not imply monotony in the scenic or human characteristics of the different

regions of America. In fact standardisation gives more opportunity for the development of individualism. No one can travel about America even in as limited a way as I have travelled without being aware of the healthy differences that exist.

You are aware of these differences when you cross the state of Ohio and begin to approach the Middle West. There are the crowded towns and the thinly populated plains. There are outward differences and inward differences. Variety in unity is apparent. But this diversity does not denote division. The problems of the South are not those of the North and I discerned a considerable change in outlook and manners when I went from the North into the South. The North and the South do not think alike about the negro problem. They have dissimilar attitudes towards dogmatic religion. Views of leisure and of culture and of democracy and of a dozen other important subjects are, so far as one can generalise, peculiar to each district. Washington is not Boston any more than Chicago is New York or Los Angeles.

Perpetually I was reminded of these elementary facts. I was reminded too, again and again, by this or that trait, of national origins. When I was in America the new immigration quotas based on national origins had just gone into operation. An annual immigration allowance of 150,000 had been distributed in such propor-

tions as would represent in miniature the actual make-up of the United States after years of unregulated or badly regulated growth. British stock I found was still predominant.

The quota for Great Britain with Northern Ireland was 65,721. The Irish Free State, in addition, has 17,853. Germany comes with 25,597. Italy has 5,802 immigrants and Poland 6,524. France has 3,086, slightly under the Swedish total and slightly over the Czecho-Slovakian total. There is a mixture of many races but, apart from the new-comers, the divergencies are scarcely noticeable. The American is the American just as the Frenchman, who also lives in a country which quickly assimilates the alien, is a Frenchman. He has become something that is unmistakable. He has acquired a loyalty to his country that is beyond dispute—and indeed it has been said with some truth that the American who boasts of his hundred per cent-ness is probably an immigrant or the son of an immigrant.

There are all kinds of races, and indeed colours, all degrees of culture, all varieties of thought in the United States. But they have blended into a common whole, and that whole is America. The most opposed differences are the differences of economic interests—and they are friendly and entirely undisruptive differences.

These reflections came to me as I looked on the organ pipes of Pittsburgh and remembered the little passage of arms in the Senatorial Committee.

CHAPTER TWENTY-EIGHT

ALOOFNESS FROM WAR NOT ALOOFNESS FROM PEACE

THAT the United States should endeavour to remain aloof from European affairs is natural. What is really surprising is the enormous interest that, as I discovered, is taken by the United States in European affairs.

Here is a great thriving nation, engrossed in its own development, fascinated and astonished by its own development—for Americans themselves are not always, and at the best only partially, conscious of the causes which have brought about American supremacy in industry—concentrating its attention on its domestic problems and exulting in its unprecedented prosperity. Why should it mix itself up in the conflicts of Europe? It is because of those European conflicts that Europe remains relatively poor and unprogressive, that Europe has not the zest, the bounding joy, and the unbounded hope of America. The more America keeps out of European questions, the less it contaminates itself with Europe, the better it will be.

This is a perfectly understandable attitude to which Europe would not be entitled to take exception. The

Monroe Doctrine keeps Europe from intervening in Central and Southern America. That is perhaps the wisest declaration of policy that has ever been uttered. If, on the Continent of America, European conditions had been established, if European rivalries, jealousies, intrigues, fears, hatreds, had been transferred to a new sphere across the Atlantic, the position of the United States would undoubtedly have been jeopardised.

Willingly or unwillingly the United States would have had to take a hand in the European diplomatic game. It would have had to make alliances and beware of counter-alliances; it would have had constantly to be on the *qui vive*; and in that case it may properly be doubted whether American energies would have found the fitting expression of themselves that they have found today. The United States has had since its consolidation a few minor troubles with foreign powers, but, broadly speaking, its career has been almost uninterrupted and unperturbed.

It is well to recall that, although in the history of the relations of Great Britain and the United States there have been lamentable incidents, the British helped America to establish the Monroe Doctrine. American sea-power was negligible, while the British fleet was supreme. The weight of Great Britain was, explicitly or implicitly, thrown on the side of the warning against further attempts at colonisation by European powers

on the Continent of America. Moreover, except for one brief and insignificant clash over the Venezuela question, Great Britain has not challenged the right of the United States to exercise a sort of general supervision of the whole Continent.

It is impossible to enter in this place on historical considerations but I do not think it can be disputed that Great Britain has helped to make the Monroe Doctrine—and something more than the Monroe Doctrine as it was originally understood—effective.

Thus Europe has for many years been kept out of America. The inevitable corollary to this doctrine is that America should keep out of Europe. So America decided. Entangling alliances have always appeared, since the early days of association with France, to be fatal in their consequences. Be it noted that America has not imposed upon itself a self-denying ordinance. It has not said: "Obviously if we forbid Europe to interfere with our affairs, it is only fair that we should not interfere with Europe's affairs." That was not the reason. The reason of America's keeping out of Europe is that America is afraid of being mixed up in European affairs.

So the idea of the United States as a permanent neutral power—a power that should take no sides in European disputes, and avoid, as it valued its independent existence and its natural freedom from menace,

being dragged into remote quarrels, grew and was strengthened, and became the compass by which American policy was steered. America had made a fresh start. It did not blame Europe for its complications, which had arisen out of centuries of kingly ambitions, out of traditional feuds, out of the long practice of opposing national diplomacies; but it determined that, since it was well out of these complications, since its good fortune had been to have a simpler international life, it would not voluntarily place itself in the midst of turmoil.

It had other and more profitable pursuits. I am unable to see how a wiser course could have been taken. Besides, there was always some thought of the diversified nature of national origins, and, American though the different elements had homogeneously become, there was always the danger that if America began to take sides there would be strong minorities whose sympathies would declare themselves in opposition to those of the majority. The Great War forced America from this insular position. There was no help for it. America had to take sides. However logical and right it was for the United States to remain self-centred—to cultivate its own garden—in the Nineteenth Century, it became impossible to stand indifferent, afar off, in the Twentieth Century. Something had changed in the world. Permanent neutrality was

untenable. The interests of every country were involved, and must from henceforth continue to be involved in all the happenings of mankind.

Interdependence had hitherto been a phrase; it was now a reality and it will continue to be a reality. The countries are interwoven. Travel, industry, commerce, finance, communications—these are only a few of the things that have made us all kin. But there is one thing which more than any other has altered our relations. It is not material, it is spiritual. We are tied to each other by intellectual and moral ties. A common civilisation binds America and Europe. When I am asked whether Europe is being Americanised, I answer that it is being Americanised in precisely the same degree that America is being Europeanised.

The two continents have much to learn from each other and happily they are desirous of modelling themselves to some extent one upon the other. This does not mean that they must take from each other that which is wrong. As I have already shown, and it is a subject to which I shall return, America has broken clean away from Europe's economic theories, and, making discoveries of its own which largely contradict past teaching, has triumphed. Europe must take note of the success of the great American experiment, and in so far as it does it will enter upon a new era of prosperity.

There is doubtless much in American life which Europe should reject, and if the title of this study were What's Wrong With America, I could enumerate some of the undesirable features. I am more anxious to show where America is right. On the other hand, despite criticisms of Europe which have inevitably been made by way of contrast in this study, I could point out, if I were writing What's Right With Europe, many European features to which America should pay closer attention. It is unnecessary to examine for present purposes the mistakes of America or the virtues of Europe; it is sufficient to say that the continents can learn, and are learning, from each other, and are, whether they like it or not, indissolubly dependent on each other.

Everywhere in America I found a new appreciation of this simple proposition. Europe discovered America; and America has now returned the compliment and has discovered Europe. The curiosity of America in Europe has reached extraordinary heights. It will certainly become ever keener. For we have now found a common cause—a cause which particularly appeals to idealistic America. That cause is the perpetuation of peace. Quite apart from the old arguments against war there are two new arguments—one practical and the other moral. The peace of the world is necessary for the well-being not of this or that country but of the whole

world. The great American experiment demands tranquillity, friendship, co-operation.

There is beside a fresh moral sense of the iniquity and folly of war, and it is America which, by its situation and temperament, is destined to quicken that moral sense. Aloofness from war was excellent, but there can be no aloofness from peace. If America would not be entangled in hostilities, it must be entangled in the work of pacification.

America has not always lived up to its opportunity of leadership. It conceived the League of Nations and then abandoned it. But it returned to its conception of universal peace when it decided to join the World Court and again when it took the initiative of the Kellogg-Briand Pact of Peace.

Peace is a cause in which there cannot be neutrals. On such an issue one must be for or against—and who is against? I have discussed plans for peace with many Americans, and they have all been enthusiastically and actively for the establishment of a warless world. America will not, I am persuaded, fail in its glorious mission.

CHAPTER TWENTY-NINE

DETROIT
AN INDUSTRIAL DEMOCRACY

To one topic I continually return, as the reader has, I hope, remarked in this series of commentaries; it is a topic that is implied throughout; it is a topic on which I am purposefully repetitive. That topic is the industrial revolution which America has effected. It is by far the most important aspect of America; and many other aspects which in themselves are important are conditioned and made possible by the industrial revolution which has made the United States pre-eminent.

In this concluding chapter, I must once more dwell upon the industrial revolution. Detroit did not begin it, but Detroit best typifies it. Perhaps Detroit is more conscious of it than any other city. Perhaps Detroit, although it is almost in Canada, is the most American part of America. Henry Ford is especially associated with Detroit, and Henry Ford is the American *in excelsis.*

There are many other great captains of industry who may have done as much or more than Henry Ford;

but somehow Henry Ford sums up their various qualities and is the most representative American industrialist. He himself possesses modesty; when I was in the United States he was helping to arrange a grandiose celebration of the jubilee of Thomas Edison who gave us electric light, and who, in fifty years devoted to invention, has invented or improved most of the modern instruments and appliances which characterise the Twentieth Century. I could not but be touched by America's appreciation of one of its chief citizens, when I heard Henry Ford and President Hoover and Owen D. Young uniting in their praise of this simple, hard-working, disinterested and quick-brained citizen, and when in the shop windows of every town I visited I saw the portrait of Edison displayed. Not always do countries thus honour their benefactors.

And as I caught my glimpse of Detroit I felt as I imagine a Seventeenth Century traveller must have felt when he approached Versailles, the residence of Louis XIV; or even (if the expression be allowed) as a present-day pilgrim of the Roman Catholic faith might feel in approaching the Vatican City where dwells the Pope. Detroit is not very prepossessing; it is as yet unfinished; but it has trebled in size in the past twenty years. What makes Detroit is the Ford factory or rather factories—into which enter the coal and iron from the

Ford mines and from which emerge the completed Ford cars.

Ford makes everything that he uses, and there is no waste of time, of distance, or of material. The process of conveying the parts from point to point where they are assembled in a continuous chain by the most skilful team work has often been described. The usual objection, that the men who do the work, specialising in a certain set of movements, will themselves become mechanical, has been refuted by the facts. Everything has been thought out to obviate physical and mental fatigue —for physical and mental fatigue is a sign of waste. The actual time spent on the customary job is cut down to the lowest proportions, for whatever tends to deaden men is uneconomic.

When I was a boy the idealistic socialists reasoned somewhat as follows: Work is not the end of life, but the means of life. Certain quantities of goods are needed and when they are produced they should be fairly distributed. But there is no point in keeping a proportion of the population drudging twelve hours, ten hours, eight hours, or even six hours a day if machinery can supply human wants in a smaller number of hours. Man should work as little as possible, and should have as much leisure as possible to enjoy the fruits of his labour.

So far as I can see, the new ideas of men like Ford

do not differ greatly from the former ideas of such socialists as William Morris. In the first place the workman is to be paid on a scale sufficiently high to enable him to purchase the goods he makes. Those goods are not reserved for a luxurious class. They are for him. That is one of the conditions of mass production. It might well be called not mass production but production for the masses.

Therefore it is in the interest of the employer and the employed to pay high wages. The employer can thus produce more; and the costs of production are in inverse ratio to the quantity; and the employed can enjoy more, for costs are low and wages are high. The business of the employer is continually to reduce costs —but not at the expense of the employed. On the contrary, the employed must have his share of the increasing benefits which accrue from greater production and lower costs. His wages must go up instead of down.

I do not apologise for repeating again and again this fundamental American argument, which has stood every test that can possibly be applied to it. It is obvious that the worker with money in his pocket and with facilities for recreation, living a larger life than he could ever have hoped to live under the old wage system, must be a better man—and (this is to the purpose) a better workman.

But let us continue this line of thought. Let us sup-

pose that the employer, performing his job efficiently, reduces still more the need of human labour. Is he then merely to discharge his "superfluous" workers? If he does—and I am, need I say, looking at the matter not from the standpoint of an individual employer but from the standpoint of the whole class of employers—then what follows is that the employer is deliberately reducing his market. Unemployed men cannot, for instance, buy motor-cars. It is perhaps inevitable that a certain percentage of men must, in present conditions, with each mechanical improvement, be discharged; though in America, where there are ample opportunities and constant new developments, the percentage of permanently unemployed is relatively small.

Clearly we must apply our intelligence to the problem of "superfluous" labour in a progressive industry; and surely the first thought that occurs to us is that, just as the worker has benefited in the shape of higher wages, so he should benefit in the shape of fewer hours of labour, whenever the conditions of production appear to warrant such a measure. The employed is a partner in industry; and you cannot dismiss him because you have found a way of reducing his work. Let him have the advantage of the reduction. Let us have, on grounds of equity, of efficiency, of general prosperity, a six-hour day, and a five-day week, if that

Photograph by Underwood & Underwood

GENERAL MOTORS BUILDING, DETROIT

appears to be a practicable arrangement making for the well-being of the workman and of the industry.

Once more America is stumbling, consciously or unconsciously, on a vital idea that revolutionises the old capitalist conception, and comes fairly close to the conception of the old idealistic socialists. Not for a moment do I pretend that Ford and Ford alone is responsible for this revolution in the attitude of the employer towards his job and towards the employed. It was in the course of my visit that the notion of the five-day week was advocated by John J. Raskob, who was the chairman of the Finance Committee of the General Motors Corporation.

"America is in shape," he said, "to produce in five days all it can consume in seven; and to demonstrate how organised civilised society can further the divine purpose that man should enjoy the earth and the fruits thereof."

Man—not a small privileged class. That is the keynote of it all. The old idea that the toiler must be driven as hard, as long, and for as little return as he will stand (the idea propounded by Adam Smith of a bare subsistence level, the idea of Ricardo that wages and profits are opposed, the idea of John Stuart Mill that the wages of labour are fixed by demand and supply, the idea of Karl Marx that poverty is inevitable under the capitalist system and will ultimately rise up and kill capitalism)—all this has been swept away.

Mr. Raskob says it is because the moral sense of civilised people revolted—and because it was bad business.

A five-day-a-week man, well paid, well nourished, with plenty of recreation, would, even with present equipment, be more ambitious, be more efficient. But in addition, he says, modern machinery, methods, and power have already developed a vast margin of unused productive capacity, and there is no limit to further progress.

The worker more and more is becoming a participating owner of industries by means of stockholdings. Thus is being created an industrial democracy—a national partnership in the business of getting the most good and the most value out of life.

An industrial democracy—that is the goal to which America is pressing. It is quite irrelevant to point to bad conditions here and poverty there. I know the denigratory statistics, and they are altogether beside the point. It does not affect the aims of Henry Ford and others, nor the acquired results, to assert that the goal is far from being reached. If the idea alone had been found, of treating the mass of men as partners in prosperity, and that idea were accepted by any percentage whatever of the great captains of industry and the masters of finance, it would be a tremendous fact. But the idea has already borne fruit, and is bearing richer and riper fruit every year.

AU REVOIR, AMERICA!

Au Revoir, America!

If I have not seen the whole of America—and who has, since America is, as somebody remarked when I asked him what America was thinking on a certain subject, not a country but a continent?—I have seen representative parts of America; enough to form a general, and I think not misleading, impression. Those who object to these partial views might as well urge that neither I nor any other writer about Americans has ever met all the Americans—a hundred and twenty millions of them. Of course not; if it were physically possible to do so, at the end one would be mentally no wiser. It is possible that some of my judgments are incorrect but on the whole I believe I have come to conclusions which are sound.

Certainly it would be somewhat easier to write about the faults of America, for the critic's task is aided by the whole of his experience of humanity. Most of the animadversions on America which I have read, and which I might repeat, would apply equally well to any other country; though doubtless America has developed special faults of its own. But my purpose is not

to detect the faults; my purpose is to discover what special contribution America brings to the accumulated collective wisdom of mankind.

It brings much; it brings supremely much. Somewhere off Nantucket, at nightfall, as the ship is headed for the great ocean, I look at the blackness shot with multitudinous lights, and as blackness and brightness disappear in a grey vision of sea and sky, I begin to think of what I have learned about America.

And when I set down my reasons for liking America I found that they filled many pages. I will in this résumé only give a few of them. I like America then—

Because, not in spite of, its architecture which is the national expression of a new form of art:

Because the United States, and not France, was the first country in modern times to revolt against oligarchical rule, the arbitrary dictates of privileged persons—the first country to establish democracy:

Because in America there is a real equality of classes —or rather there are no classes in the sense in which the word is customarily employed—and all kinds of men meet together in public places without jealousy, disdain, or hostility:

Because America is a land of opportunity where the vendor of newspapers is not envious of the millionaire because the millionaire may have been a vendor of

newspapers and the vendor of newspapers may become a millionaire:

Because the American has courage enough to take initiatives without feeling obliged to make absolutely sure of the results in advance—and is still adventurous:

Because the American is by nature optimistic; he has confidence in his ability and in his "star"; he never doubts the issue of his efforts:

Because if he meets with reverses he is not discouraged but is spurred on to greater efforts; this is true of communities as well as of the individual, and one may cite the case of San Francisco which is a fine city today because it was burnt down twenty years ago:

Because growth is the law of America; only stagnation is condemned; and in all departments of life there is a belief which elsewhere appears to be vanishing in progress—material progress and moral progress:

Because energy and enterprise are encouraged and rewarded and are regarded as among the major virtues:

Because there is no worship of the dollar as such; it is considered, and rightly considered, in most occupations, to be the barometer of success; but it is not hoarded, it is put back into the business, or it is expended on whatever is deemed to render life more agreeable:

Because there is a genuine attempt to standardise the

necessaries of life in which individualism is wasteful and futile, and to leave more room for individualism in the graces of life:

Because there is, on one side, a strict business code, and on the other side a kindly generous disposition which shows itself in charity, in relief works, in the endowment of universities and social institutions, and, in everyday existence, in hospitality, smilingness, and mutual helpfulness:

Because there is a thirst for knowledge which is revealed in the remarkably large attendance at the colleges and universities, in the general love of lectures, and in the sales of popular books on natural science, philosophy, history and so forth:

Because of the living interest that is taken in literature, in drama, and in music; it is not necessary to pronounce upon the quality of the available literature, drama, and music to assert that the American public is more desirous of acquainting itself with these aspects of culture than any other public I know:

Because the radio, the automobile, and the cinema have been brought to a point of technical perfection scarcely known elsewhere and provide rational and healthy amusements for the masses:

Because those masses are provided with leisure and opportunities of enjoying their leisure:

Because prohibition, despite the speakeasies in certain large cities, and the bootleggers, has made of the overwhelming majority of Americans a sober people; the insignificant minority of clandestine drinkers does not include the workers, the farmers, the bulk of business and professional men, the serious youth of the nation—in short the essential part of the race which is happy to be rid of alcoholism:

Because business is not snobbishly looked upon as something to be ashamed of; is not purely profit-making; but is a branch of public service:

Because the states which compose the country have, while retaining legislative and administrative powers, fully accepted a Federal government, Federal laws and a Federal Court, and offer to Europe the example of variety in unity; notably they have adopted free trade among themselves, thus making manufacture and distribution possible on the largest possible scale at the lowest possible cost:

Because America has effected an industrial revolution; it has abolished the old doctrine of antagonism between wages and profits, between master and man, between producer and consumer; it has shown that, on the contrary, high wages ought to be the corollary of low costs if the director performs his job, that between master and man there should be co-operation and partnership, that the producer and consumer are one

and the same person, and that prosperity has no meaning, and cannot indeed exist, if it is not all-round prosperity:

Because America conceives prosperity as belonging to all, and by prosperity means a fuller life; for a fuller life of material comforts, while not in itself bringing happiness, certainly provides the condition of happiness and helps towards it:

Because capitalism realises that if it greedily grabs ill-gotten gains to the detriment of labour, or the public, it is false to its functions; it is bound to share its gains with labour and the public:

Because labour, abandoning the slave view of wages, which makes for a limitation of output, realises that its interests are bound up with those of capitalism—and with those of the public which it veritably is:

Because the public has become conscious that it is not by artificial restrictions on its needs that the rhythm of production and consumption can be maintained:

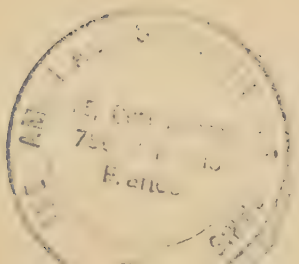
Because this new threefold attitude utterly shatters the so-called economic laws of trade cycles; if there is good management, and no untoward event, prosperity should be continuing and progressive:

Because a more harmonious social life and a richer individual life is thus being attained; and if America is still far from the ideal, it has advanced, by its rejec-

tion of traditional inhibitions, much further than the Old World:

Because America is emerging from a period of self-centeredness and insularity, and, aware of the leadership which, in the evolution of the world, has devolved upon it, is playing its part in the creation and consolidation of a new era of universal peace and prosperity:

Because of these things, briefly and all too inadequately expressed, and of many others, I wave my hand in affectionate farewell to the black light-dotted shores as the ship pulls out of harbour; I gaze long at the blackness and the brightness until blackness and brightness are swallowed up in a grey vision of sea and sky; and I cry Au Revoir, America!



APPENDIX

It might be well to anticipate some of the objections which may be made to my account of America's new industrial doctrines. In Great Britain the *New Statesman* published an article of mine on this subject which aroused a good deal of controversy. I received many letters of commendation but I also received many letters which suggested that I had been misled. Some correspondents—and writers in other journals—simply said that they had lived in the United States for twenty years or two years and had not discovered these new industrial doctrines. They were disposed to ask how long I had stayed in the United States. The answer is easy: it is quite possible to live in a country for twenty years and yet miss its significance; it is quite possible to understand an industrial doctrine in twenty minutes. But, for the most part, battalions of facts were ranged against me. It was shown that there were labour troubles, that there were tremendous inequalities of income, that there was poverty, that there was unemployment, and so forth. All of which does not touch the reality of the new industrial doctrines. To forestall their repetition I should like to reprint my general reply. I wrote:

Your readers can be trusted not to misunderstand me if I say that I don't care a hang for the facts (in so far as they are facts—which is not always the case) cited by your correspondents. Nor do I intend to produce counter-facts. It is always possible to swap facts to infinity and nobody is any the wiser. Facts which are suitable for discussions of this kind are worth a penny a dozen. They are utterly irrelevant.

When I affirm that mass production means production for the masses, and that manufacturers, labour leaders, sociologists, and the whole weight of industrial thought stand for high wages, coupled with low costs, in order that the home market shall be larger than it has ever been before, believing that the prosperity of the worker is an essential condition of the prosperity of the director, believing that producer and consumer are and must be in any rational society not two persons but one, in what way is this affirmation affected by the statement that there has been "bitter industrial strife," that there are "astoundingly low wages in the Southern States," that there are "great differences in wealth"?

I did not paint America as an Earthly Paradise; I merely said that there is a new attitude towards industrial problems, that some cherished European doctrines have been shattered, and that America is comparatively prosperous. I did not say that everybody had hastened to put the new doctrines into practice—though the movement is indeed widespread—but I do repeat that a remarkably large number of industrial chiefs, of whom Ford is perhaps the prophet, are acting on the principle that you can only produce cheaply if you produce in great quantities, that you can only produce in great quantities if there is a large purchasing public, that there can only be a large purchasing public if the proletariat is well paid and is not cut off from its own products, that the interests of director, worker, and public are the same.

Unfortunately British industrialists, like European industrialists in general, do not want to be disturbed in their complacent view of wages as being fixed by iron laws—the law of the subsistence level, the law of supply and demand. They have never exploited home markets as the Americans are now exploiting their home markets. The difference in the size of the country is not as important as may at first appear; Great Britain too can exploit its home markets on condition that its industrial directors are efficient, its workers well paid, and its purchasing public accordingly prosperous. Our vulnerable point, perhaps, is that we have to buy so much food abroad, and therefore must be a competitively exporting nation. The remedy may lie in stimulating agriculture and in cultivating relations with the Empire. . . . But that is a subject which would take us very far.

My impression in reading the letters which you, Sir, have published, and which I have privately received, is that my critics believe that we should never open our eyes to any economic phenomena until they have manifested themselves in a complete and final form; and that anybody who does call attention to new economic phenomena in another country is (as I am called, after a lifetime of sceptical observation in foreign lands) a "credulous foreigner," to be easily confounded by specific instances of the non-applicability or the non-fulfilment of such phenomena. I think that herein lies the secret of British industrial failure (I mean in a relative sense): the deliberate denial of experiment, the determination to see nothing good elsewhere unless good is irresistible perfection. England should, of course, be anxious to learn from America, which, unlike Europe, has no fear of experimentation.

My business was with new doctrines which are surely worth considering as doctrines; and the reply to me, by the resolute industrial conservatives, is the production of facts which tend to show that the doctrines are not everywhere acted upon. This seems to

denote a lack of ideas and imagination. In all probability many (let us say most—for I hold no brief for them) of the American manufacturers are equally lacking in ideas and imagination. It remains true, irrefutably true, that there is a very important minority (I will not put it higher) which is giving a lead and is transforming American life. Those dreadfully suspicious things called theories do not daunt some Americans; and the theories I have enunciated, arrived at empirically, are being tested in practice. If Europe were less inclined to pooh-pooh the revolution in thought which is bringing about a revolution in industry, and more inclined to study it seriously, Europe might find solutions for its own problem.

I do not know where Mr. D, who admits that the standard of living is higher in America than in Europe, gets the notion that I allege America has abolished inequalities of income, and that prosperity is shared equally by the people. Mr. J remarks that I do not refer to the high tariffs—that did not happen to be my subject—but he admits that, whatever the cause of the development of the home market, high wages have not prevented the Americans from producing as cheaply, and in some cases more cheaply, than Europeans who pay low wages. All American industrial thinkers would agree with Mr. C that American industrialists still run their business inefficiently, but the point is that they recognise the appalling inefficiency of all industrialists, and are seriously setting to work to make themselves efficient—with relative success. If I had time and space I would deal with other arguments; but it will perhaps suffice for the present if I once more make it clear that it is not my contention that there is no waste, no poverty, no poor organisation in America, but only that, despite waste, poverty, and poor organisation, the Americans are scientifically and systematically applying their intelligence and energy to industrial problems, and by doing so—regardless of inexistent and purely imaginary iron laws—they have established a certain supremacy.

DATE DUE

IMP. DU MAIL 19316

A. H. C
917.3

H 866
C.1

THE AMERICAN UNIVERSITY OF PARIS
65, Quai d'Orsay
75007 PARIS
France

THE COLLEGE LIBRARY
1200064095